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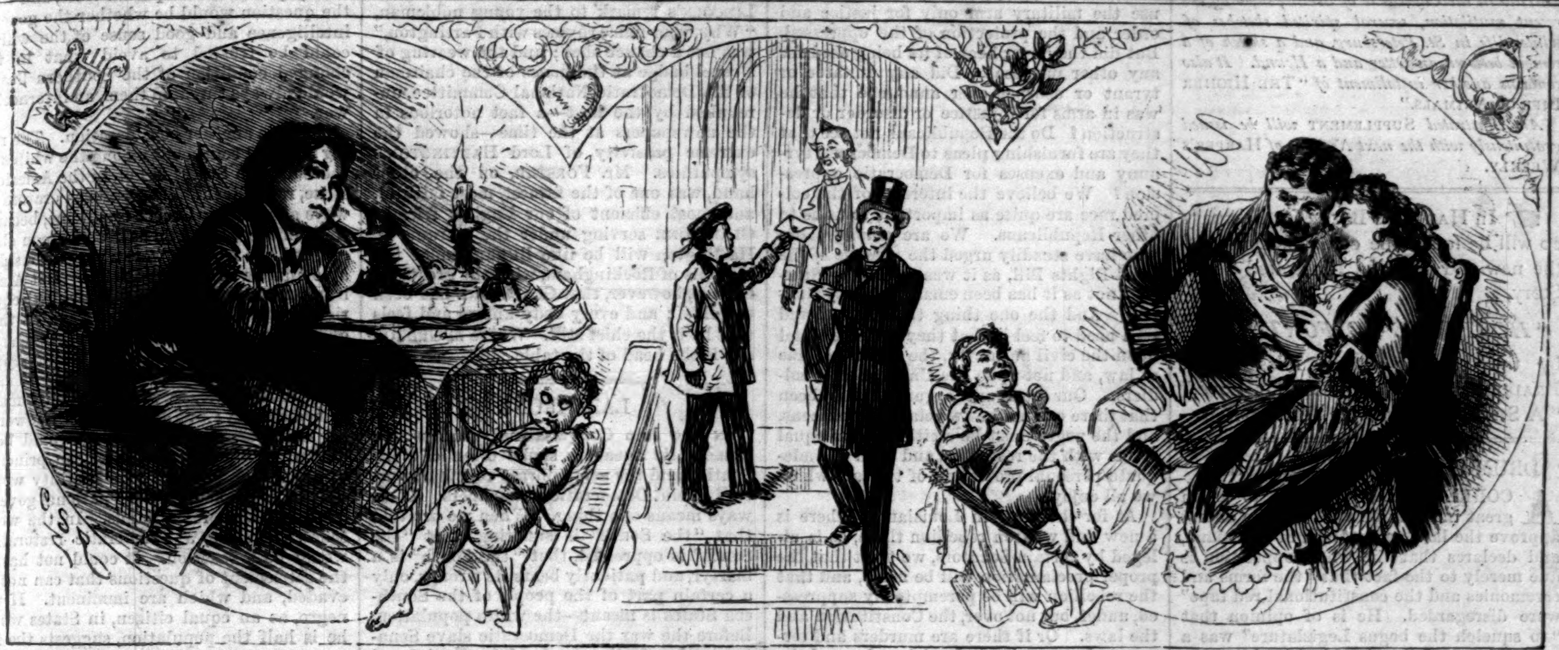

IT IS THE EVE OF ST. VALENTINE. MASTER JACK BURNS THE MIDNIGHT OIL, AND POURS OUT HIS HEART IN VERSE TO THE BELOVED ONE.

THE NEXT DAY HE HIMSELF TAKES THE PRECIOUS EPISTLE TO THE BLESSED ABODE OF THE BELOVED ONE, AND ON THE STEPS ENCOUNTERS HIS HATED RIVAL.

THE BELOVED ONE, THE HATED RIVAL, AND CUPID ENJOY THE JOKE TOGETHER IMMENSELY.

THE VALENTINE.

"Golly, Mommy! I 'most wrote sumfin dat time."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with an engraving from the celebrated Murillo in the Cathedral of Seville, showing the recent mutilation, several spirited sketches of winter life in St. Petersburg, and a sketch of a combat between an Otter and a Hound. It also contains another installment of "THE HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS."

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

☞ In HARPER'S BAZAR for February 20 will be found the commencement of the new and powerful Illustrated Serial Story,

"HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE,"

by the popular writer, Miss M. E. BRADDON, author of "Lost for Love," "A Strange World," etc., etc.

DRUM-HEAD STATESMANSHIP.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us in great indignation with all who do not approve the late proceedings in Louisiana, and declares that the whole opposition is due merely to the fact that "the forms and ceremonies and the constitutional red tape" were disregarded. He is of opinion that "to squelch the bogus Legislature" was a good thing, and that to object to the method is to be "scared." His theory of government evidently is, that when matters are not going to the fancy of the authorities they should order in a file of soldiers and straighten them out. This may be a good way. It is very well known in despotic monarchies. The new King of Spain, ALFONSO, is practicing it at this moment. But it is not the American way. It is a way against which the people protested a hundred years ago, and kept protesting all the way from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. The American way is to insist upon "forms and ceremonies," in other words, upon the law. Our correspondent is impatient of a government of laws. To conform to them is cowardly. The heroic thing, he thinks, is to despise a "constitutional requisition," and to rely upon the general or colonel or second lieutenant in command.

Our correspondent writes as a Republican, and it is largely because his views, or rather his passions, are shared by some other Republicans that the party has been every where defeated. The habit of invoking military force at every turn has alarmed the American heart, and it calls to account the party under whose administration of the government it has become too familiar. The Constitution defines the conditions under which the national arm shall intervene in a State. As Senator MORTON truly said, it is an extreme power, to be invoked only in a great crisis. But a row, a riot, a murder, is not a great crisis. The bayonet is not the first, it is the very last, reluctant resort of the Constitution. Even the militia of the State can not fire upon rioters until the Riot Act has been read and proclamation has been made. Forms? Of course they are forms. DANIEL WEBSTER said that the Revolution was fought upon a preamble. HAMPDEN refused to pay the few shillings because there was no warrant of law for the demand. The *habeas corpus* is a form; the jury is a form; every orderly safeguard of liberty is a form.

These are the simplest, most elementary, most familiar, truths. That they are neglected and even vehemently repudiated in so many quarters is not a sign that we are more sincerely devoted to liberty and justice, but that we are forgetting the conditions upon which alone liberty and justice are permanently possible. And it is in this sense that those who are quite as old and quite as courageous Republicans as our correspondent or the most zealous and "thorough" partisans of KELLOGG regard hopefully the present defeat of the party. It is, as we have often said, the result of dissatisfaction. It is a warning, and a very distinct and emphatic warning. And we invite our correspondent to consider whether the chances of a Republican victory in 1876 would be increased if, because there are disorders and oppressions and crimes against the negroes in Louisiana and Alabama and Mississippi and other States, the President should occupy them with troops and undertake the duty of the State Government and the police. The present Republican discontent does not show that there is a growing indifference to the negro or willingness to see him persecuted, nor any doubt that there is a great deal of hostile and ugly feeling in many parts of the Southern States, but it does show a determination that the fundamental conditions of all free government shall not be overthrown under any plea whatsoever.

Those Republicans who defend at all hazards a constant and summary military interference bring our whole system of government into contempt. They would, indeed, use the military arm only for justice and order and the protection of the oppressed. But did they ever hear of its being used for any other purpose? Did any dictator or tyrant or usurper ever announce that he was in arms for injustice or disorder or destruction? Do the Republicans not see that they are furnishing pleas to Democratic tyranny and excuses for Democratic oppression? We believe the interests of the colored race are quite as important to us as to other Republicans. We are among those who have steadily urged the passage of the Civil Rights Bill, as it was framed by SUMNER, not as it has been emasculated by BUTLER. And the one thing that the colored race need to feel is that they are to depend upon the civil authority, the regular course of law, and not upon the United States soldiers. Our constant argument has been that there can not be two classes of citizens, and the negro must be a citizen upon equal terms with the rest of us, and with the adequate personal protection of the law which we all enjoy.

As for the army in Louisiana, if there is a new and wanton rebellion there, as is alleged by certain Senators, we trust that the proper proclamation will be made, and that the rebellion will be peremptorily suppressed, under, but not over, the Constitution and the laws. Or if there are murders and terrors and oppression in Louisiana beyond the power of the lawful local authorities to control, let the United States obey the summons of lawful authorities, but of no other, and keep the peace under the laws, not over them. That there are sudden emergencies of extreme peril when the forms of law may be properly transcended to save the state and maintain order is unquestionable: certainly we do not question it. But there can be no sudden emergency of this kind where, as in Louisiana, the civil and military authorities had been in consultation over the precise situation that existed, and had requested orders in case of trouble. The President has been very careful not to justify what no American who has his reason can justify, and it is the imperative duty of every such American to insist that the interfering clause of the Constitution shall be regarded not as a daily tonic, but as an extreme and costly remedy.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SUCCESSOR.

THE retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE from the Liberal leadership in England is a misfortune for his party and for all who like to see the highest character, with great ability, experience, and knowledge, in the conduct of public affairs. At this distance we can see only the outside, and can know little of the secret doubts and differences of a great party. The letter in which Mr. GLADSTONE formally withdrew was addressed to Earl GRANVILLE, and pleaded his personal views as to the proper way of spending the closing years of his life—although at sixty-five, and with Earl RUSSELL still in Parliament and interested in affairs, an English statesman can hardly think himself superannuated. Mr. GLADSTONE will, however, remain in Parliament, and professes his constant fidelity to the Liberal party. The London *Times* attempted some fun at his expense; but the *Times* does not like, and never did or could like, a man who holds to principle in politics, and really believes in something. The great eminence and superiority of GLADSTONE it can not deny, and it amusingly called upon him to resume the leadership or to retire from Parliament, neither of which courses has he pursued. Mr. GLADSTONE will remain in Parliament, and will have many an opportunity, perhaps, to school Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in debate as severely and superbly as he did last summer on the Religious Worship Bill.

The Marquis of Hartington is Mr. GLADSTONE'S successor. The Liberal party is in some sense the successor and heir of the old Whig party, and of the old Whigs some scion of an old noble house was the traditional head. It was said that the old Whigs were the most magnificent of aristocrats. The power of family and of rank is a fact which English politics can not disregard, and Lord HARTINGTON, of the old Whig ducal house of Devonshire, is supposed to be the man who will unite most of the various elements of the party. It is his misfortune that he succeeds Mr. GLADSTONE. Lord HARTINGTON has made no figure in public life. His name stands for nothing except an aristocratic and wealthy connection. He has been in various offices, and did well; but every Liberal will agree with Mr. BRIGHT, who said that a formal leader was necessary, but that the right of independent action must be reserved.

Our late guest, Mr. WILLIAM E. FORSTER, had been mentioned as a probable successor of Mr. GLADSTONE; and it is curious that the two most prominent candidates should have represented such different sympathies during the late war in this country. Mr. LINCOLN'S remark to the young nobleman, "Why, your name rhymes with Partington," was not a chance shot; and the wearing of a rebel badge at the house of the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, unrebuked by the host—a fact notorious in the newspapers at the time—showed the extreme passivity of Lord HARTINGTON'S sympathies. Mr. FORSTER, on the other hand, was one of the firmest, most faithful, and most efficient of our English friends. GLADSTONE serving under the Marquis of Hartington will be like BURKE under the Marquis of Rockingham, with the great difference, however, that GLADSTONE has been the chief; and every body knows and feels that he is the chief still. Where M'GREGOR sits is the head of the table.

LAZZARONI.

IN the late Congressional debates the Democratic speakers spoke often of "the South," and the same phrase constantly occurs in the Democratic newspapers. It always means one thing. When we are told that "the South" is suffering, that "the South" is oppressed, that "the South" is a martyr, and patiently bears its wrongs, only a certain part of the people of the Southern States is meant—the white population. Before the war the Democratic slave Senators spoke of "the people of the South," and attempted to justify secession as a unanimous act of "the people." What people? The slave-holding class and their white dependents. In Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina "the people" were not half of the population, and in all the other Southern States those who were not included in that term were a very large proportion of all. It is the spirit shown in these phrases, with the meaning attached to them, which is one of the reasons why the Democratic party can not safely be trusted with the government.

Mr. COX is an amiable man, but a vehement partisan, and in the late debate upon the rules, smarting under the sarcasm of the Speaker that he had offered his resignation from the Committee on the Rules for dramatic effect, he exclaimed that the term was not applied to General BUTLER when he went into the Clerk's desk and spoke to the lazzaroni in the galleries. That is his honest feeling. It is the feeling of his party. The colored people are lazzaroni; they are beggars, idle, shiftless, indolent, ignorant, good for nothing. They need a good master and a strong hand. However this may be in fact, the contemptuous generalization is the natural view of those who have been bred to regard a large class of human beings as cattle, and yet suppose themselves to be democrats, or believers in the rights of man. There is nothing at once more ludicrous and revolting in history than the spectacle of the old slave aristocracy, with its Northern lackeys, sitting in the Capitol, calling itself a Democratic party, and stretching and straining the power of the government to extend and perpetuate human slavery. This is what Mr. COX and Mr. RANDALL and their party associates were trying to do but yesterday, shouting themselves hoarse about "freedom" and the "land of liberty" and "the home of the oppressed." And to-day they wish to administer a government in which the men whom they dealt with as property, as swine, as things without rights, are their equal citizens. They struggle to show that they may be trusted. They "acquiesce," and by-gones are to be by-gones. But the cat transformed into a seeming lady leaped for the mouse on the floor, and to the "Democrat," as this country knows him, "the South" means a class, and the colored people are "lazzaroni" and niggers.

But the question of these people is the most important of all before us, and its treatment will be confided to one of the two parties at the next election. It is alleged that the Republicans have failed in dealing with it, and that the Democrats should be allowed to try. But the Southern situation, whatever it is, is largely due to the Democrats, as every man knows who seeks facts and not forms. And what is it that the Democrats propose to do? If the Republicans have failed, what is the Democratic policy? Of course echo answers, What? The New Hampshire Democratic Convention, the first of the year, says, "The people of each State to regulate their own domestic affairs in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." Certainly: so say we all; and that plank, therefore, in itself foreshows no policy, inasmuch as the essential question is, What does the Constitution authorize? The Democratic policy is to be inferred from the character and antecedents of the party and from the expressions of its leaders. These all foreshow passivity. The party would grant JEFF DAVIS'S prayer at the beginning of the rebellion and leave "the South" alone. This would mean the reduction of the colored population to a pariah class, and then the question would be whether the general intelligence and good sense of the whites could be trusted to avoid what in the changed condition of the Southern States would always threaten them, an internecine war.

There is another consideration. The ruling political sentiment among the whites of the Southern States is not, in the American sense, republican. The Southern orators always appealed to Greece and Rome, because the democracy of Athens rested upon slavery, and the freemen were a very inconsiderable number of the population. But American republicanism asserts individual equal rights, and demands the suffrage as their guarantee. In this sense the sentiment of the white class in those States is anti-republican. It is a sentiment of caste. It calls itself democratic, as when it openly maintained slavery; but should it gain power in all the Southern States, they would be a unit of hostility to the American principle of equal rights. And this hostility would only be confirmed were the national government in Democratic hands. In the worst sense, therefore, a Democratic restoration would be a reaction. It could not hasten the settlement of questions that can not be evaded, and which are imminent. If the negro, as an equal citizen, in States where he is half the population, suggests the important question of the situation, ought the answer to be intrusted to his friends or to his enemies? It is not a conclusive reason for taking it from his friends that they have made mistakes, unless it can be shown—and it can not be—that those mistakes must necessarily be continued and maintained.

SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

WE read in the newspapers that "meetings have been recently held in Providence, in the Mathewson Street Methodist Church, to favor the establishment of sectarian schools of the Methodist persuasion. Addresses were made by Rev. W. F. WARREN, D.D., President of Boston University, Rev. W. R. CLARK, D.D., and others." This is one of the incidents which will cause every enemy of the American system of free public schools to rejoice. The Methodist is a large and flourishing and respectable sect, but it is not so large in this country as the Roman Catholic; and the objective point of the Roman policy is the overthrow of the public schools, and the support of sectarian schools. The reason of this policy is plain. It is the same reason which leads the Roman clergymen to urge their parishioners, however poor and helpless they may be, and however sure to multiply paupers, to marry. The chief object of the policy of that clergy is the increase of the number of the faithful; and as they know that the contact of children in the common schools, which are not managed by ecclesiastics, tends to the freedom of the scholar and his independence of priestly control, they resolutely oppose the free public school under a score of pretexts, insisting that if the Bible is read in them they are sectarian, and if it is not read that they are godless, and demanding that every sect shall have its proportional share of the public money to support its own sectarian schools under strict ecclesiastical control.

These Methodist meetings in Providence are in furtherance of this effort, and some Episcopal clergymen, including, if we remember correctly, an Episcopal bishop, have declared for the same system. But they forget that just in the degree that the desire for sectarian schools is fostered, the peril of the success of the Roman assault increases. They may say that they do not mean to encourage any such designs, but they are watering the very root of them. The source of the Roman school policy is its intense sectarianism, and whatever cultivates that spirit tends to produce dissatisfaction with the non-sectarian public schools. But, beyond this, it is a twofold mistake. It mistakes the real purpose of common schools, and it necessarily lessens

their value. The object of school instruction is the acquisition of general knowledge, but the moment it is made sectarian, the range and spirit of study are controlled by other ends, and the school is made to serve the purpose of a sect, not of knowledge.

But there is another mischief which must not be forgotten. Either the plan of sectarian Methodist schools contemplates public schools, which implies the division of the school money, as the Roman Catholic clergy desire, or private schools supported at private expense, in which case it encourages discontent with the school tax, and, what is still more mischievous, separates the children into sectarian communities, instead of assembling them upon the broad platform of the common school, and so strikes at the healthful community of sentiment which is indispensable in this country, and deepens the wretched ditches of sectarian division which the spirit of the age and the larger liberality of Christian nations are seeking to fill up. Certainly the ideal school system in American society is the Sunday-school for religious instruction, controlled by the clergy of the faith of the parent, and the free public school for other and general education, which is no more godless or irreligious because there is no sectarian instruction than business is godless because it proceeds without technical religious exercises. Why should there be Methodist sectarian common schools? What has Methodism to do with reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, or even with algebra, or botany, or music, or drawing? The tendency of the great colleges and universities in the country is to throw off every kind of sectarian bias and control. And this is most wise, for why should a great school of astronomy or the best opportunity of classical instruction be prejudiced in the mind of any scholar or guardian by the fact that it is under sectarian control? Nothing is gained by it but a certain prestige for the sect, which is more than offset by the corresponding prejudice. No intelligent man can suppose that any legitimate advantage would be gained either by Harvard or the Cornell University if they were subjected to a strict sectarian control.

But this sectarian character is less harmful in the college than in the school in the degree of the smaller number of scholars; and while the purpose of those who are interested in the effort for sectarian schools may be innocent, so far as ignorance of its necessary consequences may justly be called innocent, we trust that they will seriously consider whether it is desirable for the Methodist communion to aid the Roman Catholic assault upon the American free public school.

SENATOR CARPENTER.

THE defeat of Mr. CARPENTER in Wisconsin deprives the Senate of an able and brilliant man, and replaces him by a gentleman of whom nothing is known. In point of ability the changes of the year in the Senate have been unfortunate, and the retirement of Senators SCHURZ and CARPENTER, who were naturally antagonistic in their political philosophy, removes two of the most conspicuous and representative men of the present body. Mr. CARPENTER was not an original Republican, and he never understood the power of the original impulse of the party, and the necessity of retaining, not alienating, its moral element. He was a hearty, generous, ready, well-equipped partisan, but he despised what he felt to be sentimental refinements in politics as impertinent and impracticable, which is like despising the finer nerves and the more delicate tissues of the body. They are not, indeed, coarse and palpable, and they lack the gross solidity of flesh and muscle, but they can not safely be despised by those who would live long.

Mr. CARPENTER was defeated by a union of dissatisfied Republicans with Democrats, but he had the steady support of the mass of the Republican vote. Various personal and mean motives are attributed to the bolting Republicans, but that always happens, and it must always be an open question whether, if those who opposed him did so because of their removal from office, those who supported him may not have done so from their hope of office. Neither supposition is necessary, but one is quite as probable as the other. If the result was due to considerations of this kind, Mr. CARPENTER is a victim to the system of spoils in the public service which he warmly advocated. He made an elaborate speech in the Senate against the President's scheme for civil reform—a speech full of cleverness and humor and point, and totally inconclusive. But his support of a measure was always very serviceable to it, for he is a lawyer of large learning, and his mind is adroit as well as able, and he understands instinctively the average view of affairs. Upon the question which is now so prominent, that of Louisiana, his opinions were very decided, and were wholly opposed to the KELLOGG claims. Yet, when all is conceded, it can not be denied that Mr. CARPENTER was one of a group of conspicuous Republicans under whose leadership the party has constantly declined, and whose political tone and character were felt to be fatal. It is that consideration which, while his associates must keenly regret his departure, will reconcile the party to his loss.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN, in South Carolina, seems to be fulfilling the pledges that were made for him by earnest friends before the election. The political ignorance and venality that surround him are very great, but he has thus far shown a determination to withstand them, which is full of the happiest augury for the future of the State. He has said unequivocally to the Legislature that whenever party allegiance shall require him to disregard a public trust, he shall cling to the trust and let the party go. This is an integrity and a patriotism which should not be unusual, but they certainly are so; and it is all the more creditable to Governor CHAMBERLAIN that he takes his position in a State where his own party is greatly in the majority. His conduct tends to the organization of that most needed party in every State, the party of honest and intelligent citizens. The contrast between the present and the last Governor of South Carolina is so vivid that it must have the good effect of showing to those who have doubted that the worst Republicans are not the real representatives of the party. Even the Charleston *News*, the leader of the Democratic press in South Carolina, says:

> "We say once more to Governor CHAMBERLAIN that, so long as he maintains his present position, so long as he stands on the high plane of his inaugural address and special message, the honest people of all classes will sustain him and strengthen him, not as Conservatives or as Republicans, but as citizens of South Carolina, having one and the same interest in the present and future of the State."

THE BOUNDARIES OF NEW YORK.

THE Regents of the University have submitted to the Legislature of New York the first part of a very valuable report upon the boundaries of the State. The investigation of the subject has been pursued with a diligence and thoroughness that have left no material unexamined, and the committee most properly compliment the untiring zeal and devotion of Mr. D. J. PRATT, the assistant secretary of the Board, who has given to a very difficult work all the time that he could snatch from official duty, and a labor for which he can not lawfully be paid. Mr. PRATT has vigorously searched the official records and documents, and has brought some very interesting facts to light, such as that the relinquishment by New York of a large territory led to the final ratification of the articles of confederation of 1777, and to the national policy in regard to the public domain. The question of the Western lands was the barrier to an agreement among the States, and Mr. PRATT publishes for the first time an interesting letter from General SCHUYLER, who was then a delegate in Congress, to the New York Legislature, showing the action that led to the happy result. The citations from works and documents, printed and in manuscript, and from a very wide range of correspondence, make this report very valuable.

PERSONAL.

IT is understood that Mr. MORAN, late United States secretary of legation at London, and recently appointed minister to Portugal, has during his long residence in England regularly kept a voluminous diary, in which he has recorded not merely the events of the day, but all the good stories he heard; and as he went much into society, fashionable, literary, and artistic, his book, if he ever publishes it, will be quite as racy and agreeable as the *Greville Memoirs*.

—Parson BROWNLOW is still carried twice a day by attendants to and from his seat in the United States Senate, his chair being at the extreme left of the President's desk, near the door. There he sits, pale, attenuated, ghostly, never speaking, never smiling, voting by signs, apparently lifeless save for the perpetual quiver and twitch of a terrible palsy.

—The Syracuse *Courier* says that the two Democrats from New York who are contending for the honor of presiding over the next House of Representatives are "game" fellows; they are WOOD-COX. Indiana, though, may have something to say about Speak-KERR.

—Mrs. FAWCETT, wife of the professor and member of Parliament, is about to appear in a new character—that of a novelist. English-speaking women will be quick to peruse it.

—A country paper having expressed the belief that Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is on the *fence*, as it were, politically, a city paper boldly denounces the insinuation, though he is on the *Post*.

—The original manuscript of GRAY'S *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard* is soon to be auctioned off in London. It is inscribed "Stanzas wrote in a Country Church-Yard," and contains more verses than appeared in the printed poem, and several valuable emendations. The present owner gave for it $655 at an auction in 1854, and the same auctioneers are again to sell it.

—The New York *World* has stated that Mr. KERNAN, the recently elected Senator from New York, although a Roman Catholic, sent his children to the public schools. The *Freeman's Journal* denies the statement with some scorn. It says, "Mr. KERNAN is *not* an advocate for godless schooling for Catholic children, and has *not* testified his faith in the common-school system by sending his own children to the public schools." It is plain, therefore, that our new Senator is a thorough ultramontane on the question of education.

—Now come forward several descendants of the oldest families of New Hampshire, determined to erect a monument in honor of Captain JOHN MASON, the founder of that State.

—Mrs. GRIDLEY, the oldest woman residing in Chicago, ascribes her longevity to the peculiar fact that she didn't give her hand and heart to the petitioning GRIDLEY until after she had reached thirty-five. There may be something in that.

—The HAWKES family "stick," that is to say, the particular HAWKESES who dwell in North Saugus, Massachusetts. They still occupy the farm bought by old man HAWKES in 1640. The present house was built in 166-. ADAM HAWKES owned the iron mine which supplied ore to the first foundry in the U. S.

—When LYMAN TRUMBULL was in the United States Senate from Illinois, it became necessary, as usual at the close of a session, to elect a President pro tem. Senator ANTHONY was regarded as the handsomest and best for the position, though less popular than the Puritan Vice-President. TRUMBULL took him up one day on that. WILSON was quoting the other, when he got up and corrected him. "Well, if you didn't say that," said WILSON, "you came within an ace of it." "Sir," said Mr. TRUMBULL, in a loud voice, "what does a godly Puritan like you know about an 'ace?'"

—A Washington correspondent alludes to Senator BOUTWELL as a resident of "the flourishing and cathartic town of Ayer" (re-christened from Groton in honor of Cherry Pectoral).

—There is a certain style of Englishman that is much given to and gives much to churches. Of such is Mr. R. BENYON, a member of Parliament, who has rebuilt the parish church of Cranham, Essex, at a cost of $30,000; and this is the eighth church that he has rebuilt or restored at his own expense.

—It costs to be Lord Mayor of London and be polite to great folk. Sir ANDREW LUSK, who retired last November, had to receive the Duke of Edinburgh's imperial bride with more than imperial splendor. Later came the Emperor of Russia, and the hospitalities connected therewith were not of a trumpery character. Then there were banquets regular and irregular, all these festivities crowning Sir ANDREW's year with exceptional *éclat*. Yet the ex-Lord Mayor contrived to do it all without squandering a fortune. His expenses, we are told, will not exceed £20,000 for his official year. The corporation allowed him £10,000 to maintain the splendor and dignity of his office, and he expended something over £10,000 from his private purse.

—The fact reaches us from an authentic private source that the Queen of England has just conferred upon Mr. MURRAY, the eminent publisher, the honor of knighthood, the first instance in which that distinction has been conferred upon a member of the "trade." Mr. MURRAY is head of the well-known house in Albemarle Street which bears his name, and is son of the late Mr. JOHN MURRAY, the "My MURRAY" of Lord BYRON. He is not only distinguished among the publishers of Europe for his high position as a business man, but is known as a cultivated and agreeable gentleman, of fine social position, and greatly esteemed by literary men.

—The Marquis of Hartington, the recently chosen leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, is eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, is forty-one years of age, and has been in Parliament seventeen years. He has been justly designated "a meritorious nobleman of the highest rank and of second-rate abilities." During the late rebellion he was in New York, and at an evening party given by a prominent financial gentleman made himself quite disagreeable by sporting in his button-hole the Confederate colors. He was reminded of it in a quiet way, but sufficiently significant to cause him to remove the emblem.

—Mr. ANGUS CAMERON, the new United States Senator elect from Wisconsin, was originally from Caledonia, Livingston County, New York, a town settled many years ago by Scotchmen and men of Scotch descent. Soon after attaining his majority he became a resident of Buffalo, where, with his elder brother, HUGH (a man of fine abilities and culture), he practiced law. Subsequently he removed to Wisconsin, where he has achieved honorable standing at the bar and as a legislator. He is a man of decided character, clear-headed, industrious, capable, and will prove a very useful member of the Senate.

—The death is announced of Dr. FRIEDRICH MATZ, who less than a year ago succeeded to the chair of archæology at the University of Berlin, made vacant by the untimely death of FRIEDRICHS. Dr. MATZ was a young man of such learning as excited wonder even in Germany, was singularly modest and genial, and a general favorite in society; and when a few months ago he accepted the editorship of the *Archäologische Zeitung*, the appointment was hailed with undisguised pleasure by many well-known scholars, who had found it impossible to work well under former editors. His contributions to the *Annali* of the Roman Institute were marked by great thoroughness and critical ingenuity, and to him had been lately intrusted by that learned body the task of publishing and interpreting the sculptures on all the existing Roman sarcophagi. A vast mass of material had been acquired by him for this great work from many countries—Italy, Spain, France, and Germany—but unhappily he has not lived to see any considerable portion of the work through the printer's hands.

—Odd "personal." At the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE BAIRD, of Green Village, Morris County, the fact was acknowledged by the aged couple that never in their lives, during their courtship and marriage, had they kissed each other. How very absurd!

—LOMER GRIFFIN, of Lodi, Medina County, Ohio, is the agedest man in that State, having tallied one hundred and sixteen years. He talked much of G. W., T. J., B. F., MADISON, MONROE, and the other old constitution-makers, and alluded occasionally to JACKSON and the men of 1812, but his best points were of the Revolution.

—Mr. BRASSEY, who has been cruising in his yacht in the Mediterranean and thereabouts, has sent home a series of letters relating to his voyage. Dating from Constantinople, he says that "the civil list of the Sultan is about £2,000,000 a year. All along the shores of the Bosphorus vast palaces and elaborate kiosks occur in succession at a distance of little more than a mile apart. Some of these buildings are furnished in the most costly style. The daily dinner of the Sultan—he always dines alone—consists of 94 dishes, and ten other meals are prepared in case it should be his fancy to partake of them. He has 800 horses, 700 wives, attended and guarded by 350 eunuchs. For this enormous household 40,000 oxen are yearly slaughtered, and the purveyors are required to furnish daily 200 sheep, 100 lambs or goats, 10 calves, 200 hens, 200 pairs of pullets, 100 pairs of pigeons, and 50 green geese. Between the profligate luxury of the establishment of the sovereign and the miserable poverty of too many of his subjects the contrast is truly melancholy. The incomes of the principal ministers of state are such as would grievously shock the radical reformers of our own country. The salary of the Grand Vizier is £30,000; of the Minister of Finance, £15,000; of the Minister of Public Works, £11,000; and so in proportion for the other principal ministers."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Louisiana question was again discussed in the United States Senate on the 1st, but nothing further was done about it.—The House, on the 2d inst., by a vote of 171 to 85, adopted the following new rule: "Whenever a question is pending before the House the Speaker shall not entertain any motion of a dilatory character except one motion to adjourn and one motion to fix the day to which the House shall adjourn; but the previous question on the engrossment and the third reading of any bill or joint resolution shall not be ordered during the first day of its consideration unless two-thirds of the members present shall second the demand: provided, that this rule shall not apply to House resolutions offered in the morning hour of Monday: and provided further, that it shall not apply to any proposition to appropriate the money, the credit, or other property of the United States, except the regular annual appropriation bills."—The proposed reciprocity treaty with Canada was rejected by the Senate, February 3, without even the formality of a roll-call.—The Civil Rights Bill passed the House, on the 5th inst., in an amended form, striking out all that related to schools. The bill provides for the equal enjoyment by all persons of the accommodations, advantages, facilities, and privileges of inns, public conveyances on land and water, theatres, and other places of public amusement. Another section prohibits exclusion from jury duty on account of color.

The public debt of the United States was increased $1,397,870 27 during the month of January.

The election for United States Senator from Wisconsin resulted, on the 3d inst., in the defeat of Hon. Matt Carpenter and the choice of Hon. Angus Cameron.

A bill was introduced into the New York State Assembly, on the 3d inst., to prevent striking laborers and mechanics from coercing non-striking men into joining with them in their wars against employers. The penalty proposed is imprisonment from six months to one year, and a fine of $100 to $500.

The Democrats in the Missouri Legislature have brought in a bill, which they will probably pass, overturning the common-school system and introducing sectarian schools.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Roman Catholics are again making war on the Protestants in Mexico. On the evening of the 26th ult. a mob attacked the Presbyterian mission church recently established in Acapulco by the Rev. M. N. Hutchinson. The rioters were armed with machetes and rifles. Mr. Hutchinson escaped and took refuge on a United States man-of-war in the harbor. General Mejia, Commandant of the Castle, ordered out the troops and charged upon the mob. Four Mexicans and one American were killed, and eleven others were wounded. Among the latter were Mejia's adjutant. None of the rioters have been arrested. An investigation is in progress, and reinforcements have been sent to the city to protect the judge who is taking testimony.

The British Parliament re-assembled on the 5th inst. The Queen in her speech promises to exert her efforts for the continuation of peace in Europe. The question of recognizing Alfonso as King of Spain is still under discussion, and will be settled without delay. The Queen recommends the repeal of exceptional statutes in relation to the peace of Ireland, and the enactment of laws for the transfer of land and the reconstruction of the judiciary. She also recommends the passage of acts for the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes, for the consolidation of the sanitary laws, to prevent the pollution of rivers, and for the establishment of the office of Public Prosecutor.

The Marquis of Hartington has been unanimously chosen leader of the English Liberal party in place of Mr. Gladstone, resigned.

Great Britain declines to send a representative to the St. Petersburg International Code Conference, alleging that no practical results can be expected.

Sir William Sterndale Bennett, the distinguished English musical composer, died in London on the 1st inst.

The ultramontanes in Prussia have resolved to run the Bishop of Paderborn as candidate for Parliament from Brilon, Westphalia.

The Prussian Federal Council has empowered Prince Bismarck to conclude an extradition treaty with the United States.

The Empress of China is reported to have committed suicide under the pressure of grief at the death of her husband. A son of the seventh prince, a child three years old, has been proclaimed emperor, and the empress-mother is again regent.

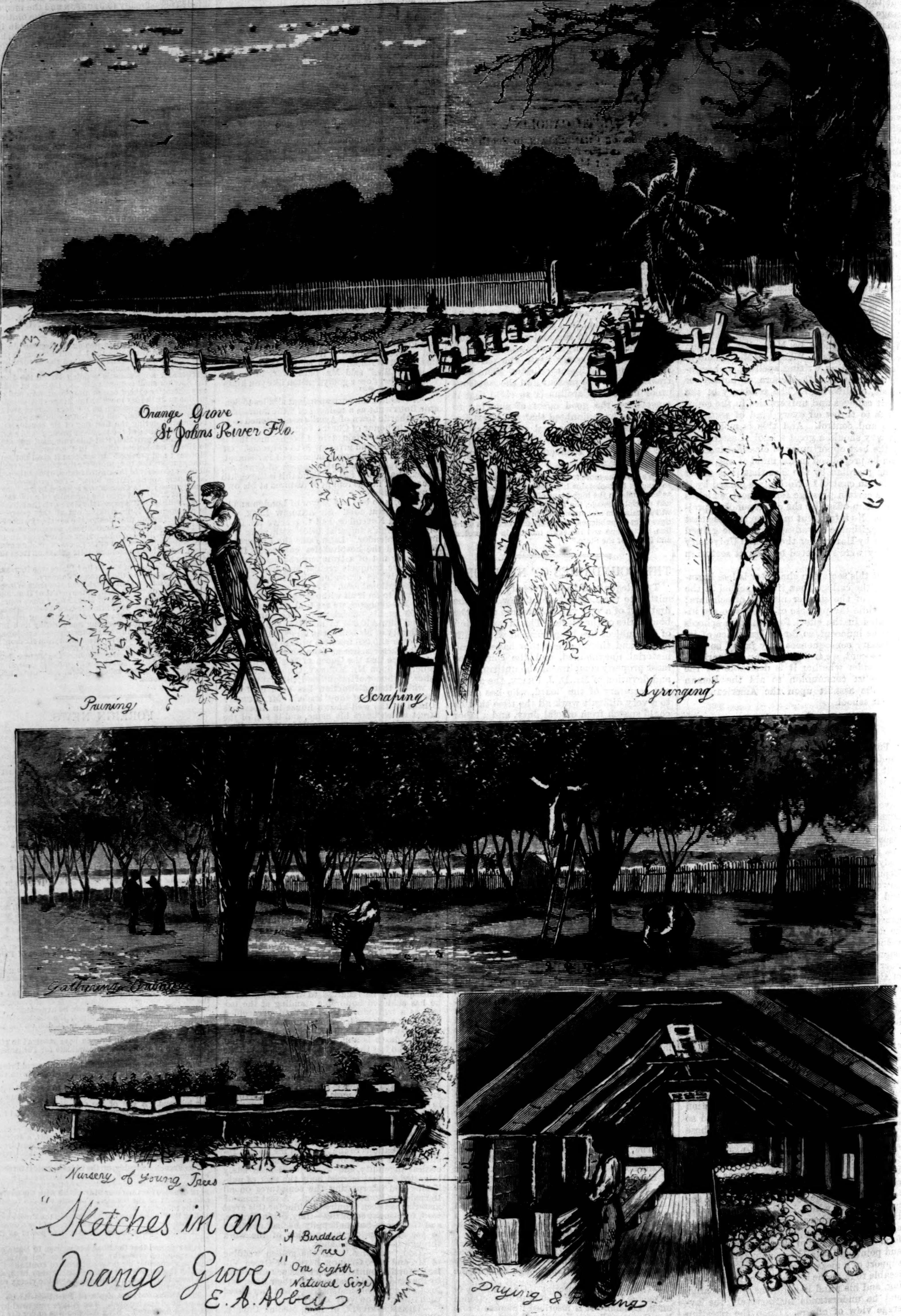
Disturbances are reported in Aspinwall, in consequence of the imprisonment of Dr. Pigott, a British subject. A man-of-war has been ordered there from Kingston, Jamaica, to support the British consul, who has been assaulted.

The French Assembly, on the 2d inst., amidst intense excitement, adopted M. Wallon's amendment to the Ventavon Bill, granting Presidents of the republic power to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies with the advice and consent of the Senate. The vote was 449 to 249. On the following day another clause was adopted, providing that in the event of a vacancy in the Presidency the Chamber shall meet immediately, and the Council of Ministers shall exercise the executive power *ad interim*.

It is reported that the Pope has written to Don Carlos, expressing sympathy for his cause, but advising him to reconsider his determination to continue the war, as the dignity of the Catholic Church in Spain has been vindicated, and the rights of the clergy recognized by King Alfonso.

The Alfonsists have captured Puente-la-Reyna at the point of the bayonet. The village was fired by a shell and destroyed. King Alfonso was under fire for the first time at Oteiza.

The country of Darfour has been annexed to Egypt.


Orange Grove
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Pruning
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Nursery of Young Trees
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A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON THE JOURNEY BACK.

IF I had been traveling homeward in my own carriage, the remaining chapters of this narrative would never have been written. Before we had been an hour on the road, I should have called to the driver and should have told him to turn back.

Who can be always resolute?

In asking that question, I speak of the women, not of the men. I had been resolute in turning a deaf ear to Mr. Playmore's doubts and cautions; resolute in holding out against my mother-in-law; resolute in taking my place by the French mail. Until ten minutes after we had driven away from the inn my courage held out—and then it failed me; then I said to myself, "You wretch, you have deserted your husband!" For hours afterward, if I could have stopped the mail, I would have done it. I hated the conductor, the kindest of men. I hated the Spanish ponies that drew us, the cheeriest animals that ever jingled a string of bells. I hated the bright day that *would* make things pleasant, and the bracing air that forced me to feel the luxury of breathing, whether I liked it or not. Never was a journey more miserable than my safe and easy journey to the frontier! But one little comfort helped me to bear my heartache resignedly—a stolen morsel of Eustace's hair. We had started at an hour of the morning when he was still sound asleep. I could creep into his room, and kiss him, and cry over him softly, and cut off a stray lock of his hair, without danger of discovery. How I summoned resolution enough to leave him is, to this hour, not clear to my mind. I think my mother-in-law must have helped me, without meaning to do it. She came into the room with an erect head and a cold eye; she said, with an unmerciful emphasis on the word, "If you *mean* to go, Valeria, the carriage is here." Any woman with a spark of spirit in her would have "meant" it under those circumstances. I meant it—and did it.

And then I was sorry for it. Poor humanity!

Time has got all the credit of being the great consoler of afflicted mortals. In my opinion, Time has been overrated in this matter. Distance does the same beneficent work far more speedily, and (when assisted by Change) far more effectually as well. On the railroad to Paris, I became capable of taking a sensible view of my position. I could now remind myself that my husband's reception of me—after the first surprise and the first happiness had passed away—might not have justified his mother's confidence in him. Admitting that I ran a risk in going back to Miserrimus Dexter, should I not have been equally rash, in another way, if I had returned, uninvited, to a husband who had de-

clared that our conjugal happiness was impossible, and that our married life was at an end? Besides, who could say that the events of the future might not yet justify me—not only to myself, but to him? I might yet hear him say, "She was inquisitive when she had no business to inquire; she was obstinate when she ought to have listened to reason; she left my bedside when other women would have remained: but in the end she atoned for it all—she turned out to be right!"

I rested a day at Paris, and wrote three letters.

One to Benjamin, telling him to expect me the next evening. One to Mr. Playmore, warning him, in good time, that I meant to make a last effort to penetrate the mystery at Gleninch. One to Eustace (of a few lines only), owning that I had helped to nurse him through the dangerous part of his illness, confessing the one reason which had prevailed with me to leave him, and entreating him to suspend his opinion of me until time had proved that I loved him more dearly than ever. This last letter I inclosed to my mother-in-law, leaving it to her discretion to choose the right time for giving it to her son. I positively forbade Mrs. Macallan, however, to tell Eustace of the new tie between us. Although he *had* separated himself from me, I was determined that he should not hear of it from other lips than mine. Never mind why! There are certain little matters which I must keep to myself, and this is one of them.

My letters being written, my duty was done. I was free to play my last card in the game—the darkly doubtful game which was neither quite for me, nor quite against me, as the chances now stood.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ON THE WAY TO DEXTER.

"I DECLARE to Heaven, Valeria, I believe that monster's madness is infectious—and you have caught it!"

This was Benjamin's opinion of me (on my safe arrival at the villa), after I had announced my intention of returning Miserrimus Dexter's visit, in his company.

Being determined to carry my point, I could afford to try the influence of mild persuasion. I begged my good friend to have a little patience with me. "And do remember what I have already told you," I added. "It is of serious importance to me to see Dexter again."

I only heaped fuel on the fire. "See him again?" Benjamin repeated, indignantly. "See him, after he grossly insulted you, under my roof, in this very room? I can't be awake; I must be asleep and dreaming!"

It was wrong of me, I know. But Benjamin's virtuous indignation was so very virtuous that it let the spirit of mischief loose in me. I really could not resist the temptation to outrage his sense of propriety by taking an audaciously liberal view of the whole matter.

"Gently, my good friend, gently!" I said. "We must make allowances for a man who suffers under Dexter's infirmities, and lives Dexter's life. And really we must not let our modesty lead us beyond reasonable limits. I begin to think that I took rather a prudish view of the thing myself at the time. A woman who respects herself, and whose whole heart is with her husband, is not so very seriously injured when a wretched crippled creature is rude enough to put his arm round her waist. Virtuous indignation (if I may venture to say so) is sometimes very cheap indignation. Besides, I have forgiven him—and you must forgive him too. There is no fear of his forgetting himself again, while you are with me. His house is quite a curiosity; it is sure to interest you; the pictures alone are worth the journey. I will write to him to-day, and we will go and see him together to-morrow. We owe it to ourselves (if we don't owe it to Mr. Dexter) to pay this visit. If you will look about you, Benjamin, you will see that benevolence toward every body is the great virtue of the time we live in. Poor Mr. Dexter must have the benefit of the prevailing fashion. Come, come! march with the age! Open your mind to the new ideas!"

Instead of accepting this polite invitation, worthy old Benjamin flew at the age we lived in, like a bull at a red cloth.

"Oh, the new ideas! the new ideas! By all manner of means, Valeria, let us have the new ideas! The old morality's all wrong; the old ways are all worn out. Let's march with the age we live in. Nothing comes amiss to the age we live in. The wife in England and the husband in Spain, married or not married, living together or not living together—it's all one to the new ideas. I'll go with you, Valeria; I'll be worthy of the generation I live in. When we have done with Dexter, don't let us do things by halves. Let's go and get crammed with ready-made science at a lecture—let's hear the last new professor, the man who has been behind the scenes at Creation, and knows to a T how the world was made, and how long it took to make it. There's the other fellow, too: mind we don't forget the modern Solomon who has left his proverbs behind him—the brand-new philosopher who considers the consolations of religion in the light of harmless playthings, and who is kind enough to say that he might have been all the happier if he could only have been childish enough to play with them himself. Oh, the new ideas! the new ideas! what consoling, elevating, beautiful discoveries have been made by the new ideas! We were all monkeys before we were men, and molecules before we were monkeys! And what does it matter? And what does any thing matter to any body? I'm with you, Valeria—I'm ready! The sooner the better. Come to Dexter! Come to Dexter!"

"I am so glad you agree with me," I said. "But let us do nothing in a hurry. Three o'clock to-morrow will be time enough for Mr. Dexter. I will write at once and tell him to expect us.—Where are you going?"

"I am going to clear my mind of cant," said Benjamin, sternly. "I am going into the library."

"What are you going to read?"

"I am going to read—*Puss in Boots*, and *Jack and the Bean-Stalk*, and any thing else I can find that doesn't march with the age we live in."

With that parting shot at the new ideas, my old friend left me for a time.

Having dispatched my note, I found myself beginning to revert, with a certain feeling of anxiety, to the subject of Miserrimus Dexter's health. How had he passed through the interval of my absence from England? Could any body, within my reach, tell me news of him? To inquire of Benjamin would only be to provoke a new outbreak. While I was still considering, the housekeeper entered the room on some domestic errand. I asked, at a venture, if she had heard any thing more, while I had been away, of the extraordinary person who had so seriously alarmed her on a former occasion.

The housekeeper shook her head, and looked as if she thought it in bad taste to mention the subject at all.

"About a week after you had gone away, ma'am," she said, with extreme severity of manner, and with excessive carefulness in her choice of words, "the Person you mention had the impudence to send a letter to you. The messenger was informed, by my master's orders, that you had gone abroad, and he and his letter were both sent about their business together. Not long afterward, ma'am, I happened, while drinking tea with Mrs. Macallan's housekeeper, to hear of the Person again. He himself called in his chaise at Mrs. Macallan's to inquire about you there. How he can contrive to sit, without legs to balance him, is beyond my understanding—but that is neither here nor there. Legs or no legs, the housekeeper saw him, and she says, as I say, she will never forget him to her dying day. She told him (as soon as she recovered herself) of Mr. Eustace's illness, and of you and Mrs. Macallan being in foreign parts nursing him. He went away, so the housekeeper told me, with tears in his eyes and oaths and curses on his lips—a sight shocking to see. That's all I know about the Person, ma'am, and I hope to be excused if I venture to say that the subject is (for good reasons) extremely disagreeable to me."

She made a formal courtesy, and quitted the room.

Left by myself, I felt more anxious and more uncertain than ever, when I thought of the experiment that was to be tried on the next day. Making due allowance for exaggeration, the description of Miserrimus Dexter, on his departure from Mrs. Macallan's house, suggested that he had not endured my long absence very patiently, and that he was still as far as ever from giving his shattered nervous system its fair chance of repose.

The next morning brought me Mr. Playmore's reply to the letter which I had addressed to him from Paris.

He wrote very briefly, neither approving nor blaming my decision, but strongly reiterating his opinion that I should do well to choose a competent witness as my companion at my coming interview with Dexter. The most interesting part of the letter was at the end. "You must be prepared," Mr. Playmore wrote, "to see a change for the worse in Dexter. A friend of mine was with him on a matter of business a few days since, and was struck by the alteration in him. Your presence is sure to have its effect, one way or another. I can give you no instructions for managing him—you must be guided by the circumstances. Your own tact will tell you whether it is wise or not to encourage him to speak of the late Mrs. Eustace. The chances of his betraying himself all revolve (as I think) round that one topic: keep him to it if you can." To this there was added, in a postscript: "Ask Mr. Benjamin if he was near enough to the library door to hear Dexter tell you of his entering the bed-chamber on the night of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death."

I put the question to Benjamin when we met at the luncheon-table, before setting forth for the distant suburb in which Miserrimus Dexter lived. My old friend disapproved of the contemplated expedition as strongly as ever. He was unusually grave and unusually sparing of his words, when he answered me.

"I am no listener," he said. "But some people have voices which insist on being heard. Mr. Dexter is one of them."

"Does that mean that you heard him?" I asked.

"The door couldn't muffle him, and the wall couldn't muffle him," Benjamin rejoined. "I heard him—and I thought it infamous. There!"

"I may want you to do more than hear him, this time," I ventured to say. "I may want you to make notes of our conversation, while Mr. Dexter is speaking to me. You used to write down what my father said when he was dictating his letters to you. Have you got one of your little note-books to spare?"

Benjamin looked up from his plate with an aspect of stern surprise.

"It's one thing," he said, "to write under the dictation of a great merchant, conducting a vast correspondence by which thousands of pounds change hands in due course of post. And it's another thing to take down the gibberish of a maundering mad monster who ought to be kept in a cage. Your good father, Valeria, would never have asked me to do that."

"Forgive me, Benjamin; I must really ask you to do it. You may be of the greatest possible use to me. Come! give way this once, dear, for my sake."

Benjamin looked down again at his plate, with a rueful resignation which told me that I had carried my point.

"I have been tied to her apron-string all my life," I heard him grumble to himself. "And it's too late in the day to get loose from her now." He looked up again at me. "I thought I had retired from business," he said; "but it seems I must turn clerk again. Well? What is the new stroke of work that's expected from me this time?"

The cab was announced to be waiting for us at the gate as he asked the question. I rose and took his arm, and gave him a grateful kiss on his rosy old cheek.

"Only two things," I said. "Sit down behind Mr. Dexter's chair, so that he can't see you. But take care to place yourself, at the same time, so that you can see me."

"The less I see of Mr. Dexter, the better I shall be pleased," growled Benjamin. "What am I to do, after I have taken my place behind him?"

"You are to wait until I make you a sign; and when you see it you are to begin writing down in your note-book what Mr. Dexter is saying—and you are to go on until I make another sign which means, Leave off!"

"Well," said Benjamin, "what's the sign for Begin? and what's the sign for Leave off?"

I was not quite prepared with an answer to this. I asked him to help me with a hint. No! Benjamin would take no active part in the matter. He was resigned to be employed in the capacity of passive instrument—and there all concession ended, so far as he was concerned.

Left to my own resources, I found it no easy matter to invent a telegraphic system which should sufficiently inform Benjamin, without awakening Dexter's quick suspicion. I looked into the glass to see if I could find the necessary suggestion in any thing that I wore. My earrings supplied me with the idea of which I was in search.

"I shall take care to sit in an arm-chair," I said. "When you see me rest my elbow on the chair, and lift my hand to my ear-ring, as if I was playing with it—write down what he says; and go on until—well, suppose we say, until you hear me move my chair. At that sound, stop. You understand me?"

"I understand you."

We started for Dexter's house.

CHAPTER XL.

NEMESIS AT LAST!

THE gardener opened the gate to us, on this occasion. He had evidently received his orders, in anticipation of my arrival.

"Mrs. Valeria?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And friend?"

"And friend."

"Please to step up stairs. You know the house."

Crossing the hall, I stopped for a moment and looked at a favorite walking-cane which Benjamin still kept in his hand.

"Your cane will only be in your way," I said. "Had you not better leave it here?"

"My cane may be useful up stairs," retorted Benjamin, gruffly. "*I* haven't forgotten what happened in the library."

It was no time to contend with him. I led the way up the stairs.

Arriving at the upper flight of steps, I was startled by hearing a sudden cry from the room above. It was like the cry of a person in pain; and it was twice repeated before we entered the circular antechamber. I was the first to approach the inner room, and to see the many-sided Miserrimus Dexter in another new aspect of his character.

The unfortunate Ariel was standing before a table, with a dish of little cakes placed in front of her. Round each of her wrists was tied a string, the free ends of which (at a distance of a few yards) were held in Miserrimus Dexter's hands. "Try again, my beauty!" I heard him say, as I stopped on the threshold of the door. "Take a cake." At the word of command, Ariel submissively stretched out one arm toward the dish. Just as she touched a cake with the tips of her fingers, her hand was jerked away by a pull at the string, so savagely cruel in the nimble and devilish violence of it that I felt inclined to snatch Benjamin's cane out of his hand and break it over Miserrimus Dexter's back. Ariel suffered the pain this time in Spartan silence. The position in which she stood enabled her to be the first to see me at the door. She had discovered me. Her teeth were set; her face was flushed under the struggle to restrain herself. Not even a sigh escaped her in my presence.

"Drop the string!" I called out, indignantly. "Release her, Mr. Dexter, or I shall leave the house."

At the sound of my voice he burst out with a shrill cry of welcome. His eyes fastened on me with a fierce devouring delight.

"Come in! come in!" he cried. "See what I am reduced to, in the maddening suspense of waiting for you. See how I kill the time when the time parts us. Come in! come in! I am in one of my malicious humors this morning, caused entirely, Mrs. Valeria, by my anxiety to see you. When I am in my malicious humors I must tease something. I am teasing Ariel. Look at her! She has had nothing to eat all day, and she hasn't been quick enough to snatch a morsel of cake yet. You needn't pity her. Ariel has no nerves. I don't hurt her."

"Ariel has no nerves," echoed the poor creature, frowning at me for interfering between her master and herself. "He doesn't hurt me."

I heard Benjamin beginning to swing his cane behind me.

"Drop the string!" I reiterated, more vehemently than ever. "Drop it—or I shall instantly leave you."

Miserrimus Dexter's delicate nerves shuddered at my violence. "What a glorious voice!" he exclaimed, and dropped the string. "Take the cakes," he added, addressing Ariel in his most imperial manner.

She passed me, with the strings hanging from her swollen wrists and the dish of cakes in her hand. She nodded her head at me defiantly.

"Ariel has got no nerves," she repeated, proudly. "He doesn't hurt me."

"You see," said Miserrimus Dexter, "there is no harm done—and I dropped the strings when you told me. Don't *begin* by being hard on me, Mrs. Valeria, after your long, long absence." He paused. Benjamin, standing silent in the doorway, attracted his attention for the first time. "Who is this?" he asked, and wheeled his chair suspiciously nearer to the door. "I know!" he cried, before I could answer. "This is the benevolent gentleman who looked like the refuge of the afflicted when I saw him last. You have altered for the worse since then, Sir. You have stepped into quite a new character—you personify Retributive Justice now. Your new protector, Mrs. Valeria—I understand." He bowed low to Benjamin, with ferocious irony. "Your humble servant, Mr. Retributive Justice. I have deserved you, and I submit to you. Walk in, Sir. I will take care that your new office shall be a sinecure. This lady is the Light of my Life. Catch me failing in respect to her, if you can!" He backed his chair before Benjamin (who listened to him in contemptuous silence) until he reached the part of the room in which I was standing. "Your hand, Light of my Life!" he murmured, in his gentlest tones. "Your hand—only to show that you have forgiven me!" I gave him my hand. "One?" he whispered, entreatingly. "Only one?" He kissed my hand once respectfully, and dropped it with a heavy sigh. "Ah, poor Dexter!" he said, pitying himself with the whole sincerity of his egotism. "A warm heart, wasted in solitude, mocked by deformity. Sad, sad! Ah, poor Dexter!" He looked round again at Benjamin, with another flash of his ferocious irony. "A beautiful day, Sir," he said, with mock-conventional courtesy. "Seasonable weather, indeed, after the late long-continued rains. Can I offer you any refreshment? Won't you sit down? Retributive Justice, when it is no taller than you are, looks best in a chair."

"And a monkey looks best in a cage," rejoined Benjamin, enraged at the satirical reference to his shortness of stature. "I was waiting, Sir, to see you get into your swing."

The retort produced no effect on Miserrimus Dexter: it appeared to have passed by him unheard. He had changed again; he was thoughtful, he was subdued; his eyes were fixed on me with a sad and rapt attention. I took the nearest arm-chair; first casting a glance at Benjamin, which he immediately understood. He placed himself behind Dexter at an angle which commanded a view of my chair. Ariel, silently devouring her cakes, crouched on a stool at "the Master's" feet, and looked up at him like a faithful dog. There was an interval of quiet and repose. I was able to observe Miserrimus Dexter uninterruptedly for the first time since I had entered the room.

I was not surprised—I was nothing less than alarmed—by the change for the worse in him since we had last met. Mr. Playmore's letter had not prepared me for the serious deterioration in him which I could now discern.

His features were pinched and worn; the whole face seemed to have wasted strangely in substance and size since I had last seen it. The softness in his eyes was gone. Blood-red veins were intertwined all over them now: they were set in a piteous and vacant stare. His once firm hands looked withered; they trembled as they lay on the coverlet. The paleness of his face (exaggerated perhaps by the black velvet jacket that he wore) had a sodden and sickly look—the fine outline was gone. The multitudinous little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes had deepened. His head sank into his shoulders when he leaned forward in his chair. Years appeared to have passed over him, instead of months, while I had been absent from England. Remembering the medical report which Mr. Playmore had given me to read—recalling the doctor's positively declared opinion that the preservation of Dexter's sanity depended on the healthy condition of his nerves—I could not but feel that I had done wisely (if I might still hope for success) in hastening my return from Spain. Knowing what I knew, fearing what I feared, I believed that his time was near. I felt, when our eyes met by accident, that I was looking at a doomed man.

I pitied him.

Yes! yes! I know that compassion for him was utterly inconsistent with the motive which had taken me to his house—utterly inconsistent with the doubt, still present to my mind, whether Mr. Playmore had really wronged him in believing that his was the guilt which had compassed the first Mrs. Eustace's death. I felt this: I knew him to be cruel; I believed him to be false. And yet I pitied him! Is there a common fund of wickedness in us all? Is the suppression or the development of that wickedness a mere question of training and temptation? And is there something in our deeper sympathies which mutely acknowledges this when we feel for the wicked, when we crowd to a criminal trial, when we shake hands at parting (if we happen to be present officially) with the vilest monster that ever swung on a gallows? It is not for me to decide. I can only say that I pitied Miserrimus Dexter—and that he found it out.

"Thank you," he said, suddenly. "You see

I am ill, and you feel for me. Dear and good Valeria!"

"This lady's name, Sir, is Mrs. Eustace Macallan," interposed Benjamin, speaking sternly behind him. "The next time you address her, remember, if you please, that you have no business with her Christian name."

Benjamin's rebuke passed, like Benjamin's retort, unheeded and unheard. To all appearance, Miserrimus Dexter had completely forgotten that there was such a person in the room.

"You have delighted me with the sight of you," he went on. "Add to the pleasure by letting me hear your voice. Talk to me of yourself. Tell me what you have been doing since you left England."

It was necessary to my object to set the conversation afloat; and this was as good a way of doing it as any other. I told him plainly how I had been employed during my absence.

"So you are still fond of Eustace?" he said, bitterly.

"I love him more dearly than ever."

He lifted his hands and hid his face. After waiting a while, he went on, speaking in an odd, muffled manner, still under cover of his hands.

"And you leave Eustace in Spain," he said; "and you return to England by yourself! What made you do that?"

"What made me first come here and ask you to help me, Mr. Dexter?"

He dropped his hands and looked at me. I saw in his eyes, not amazement only, but alarm.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you won't let that miserable matter rest even yet? Are you still determined to penetrate the mystery at Gleninch?"

"I am still determined, Mr. Dexter; and I still hope that you may be able to help me."

The old distrust that I remembered so well darkened again over his face the moment I said those words.

"How can I help you?" he asked. "Can I alter facts?" He stopped. His face brightened again, as if some sudden sense of relief had come to him. "I did try to help you," he went on. "I told you that Mrs. Beauly's absence was a device to screen herself from suspicion; I told you that the poison might have been given by Mrs. Beauly's maid. Has reflection convinced you? Do you see something in the idea?"

This return to Mrs. Beauly gave me my first chance of leading the talk to the right topic.

"I see nothing in the idea," I answered. "I see no motive. Had the maid any reason to be an enemy to the late Mrs. Eustace?"

"Nobody had any reason to be an enemy to the late Mrs. Eustace!" he broke out, loudly and vehemently. "She was all goodness, all kindness; she never injured any human creature in thought or deed. She was a saint upon earth. Respect her memory! Let the martyr rest in her grave!" He covered his face again with his hands, and shook and shuddered under the paroxysm of emotion that I had roused in him.

Ariel suddenly and softly left her stool and approached me.

"Do you see my ten claws?" she whispered, holding out her hands. "Vex the Master again, and you will feel my ten claws on your throat!"

Benjamin rose from his seat: he had seen the action without hearing the words. I signed to him to keep his place. Ariel returned to her stool, and looked up again at her Master.

"Don't cry," she said. "Come on. Here are the strings. Tease me again. Make me screech with the smart of it."

He never answered, and never moved.

Ariel bent her slow mind to meet the difficulty of attracting his attention. I saw it in her frowning brows, in her colorless eyes looking at me vacantly. On a sudden she joyfully struck the open palm of one of her hands with the fist of the other. She had triumphed. She had got an idea.

"Master!" she cried. "Master! you haven't told me a story for ever so long. Puzzle my thick head. Make my flesh creep. Come on! A good long story. All blood and crimes."

Had she accidentally hit on the right suggestion to strike his wayward fancy? I knew his high opinion of his own skill in "dramatic narrative." I knew that one of his favorite amusements was to puzzle Ariel by telling her stories that she could not understand. Would he wander away into the regions of wild romance? Or would he remember that my obstinacy still threatened him with re-opening the inquiry into the tragedy at Gleninch? and would he set his cunning at work to mislead me by some new stratagem? This latter course was the course which my past experience of him suggested that he would take. But, to my surprise and alarm, I found my past experience at fault. Ariel succeeded in diverting his mind from the subject which had been in full possession of it the moment before she spoke! He showed his face again. It was overspread by a broad smile of gratified self-esteem. He was weak enough now to let even Ariel find her way to his vanity! I saw it, with a sense of misgiving, with a doubt whether I had not delayed my visit until too late, which turned me cold from head to foot.

Miserrimus Dexter spoke—to Ariel, not to me.

"Poor devil!" he said, patting her head complacently. "You don't understand a word of my stories, do you? And yet I can make the flesh creep on your great clumsy body—and yet I can hold your muddled mind, and make you like it? Poor devil!" He leaned back serenely in his chair, and looked my way again. Would the sight of me remind him of the words that had passed between us not a minute since? No! There was the pleasantly tickled self-conceit smiling at me exactly as it had smiled at Ariel. "I excel in dramatic narrative, Mrs. Valeria," he said. "And this creature here on the stool is a remarkable proof of it. She is quite a psychological study, when I tell her one of my stories. It is really amusing to see the half-witted wretch's desperate efforts to understand me. You shall have a specimen. I have been out of spirits while you were away—I haven't told her a story for weeks past; I will tell her one now. Don't suppose it's any effort to me! My invention is inexhaustible. You are sure to be amused—you are naturally serious, but you are sure to be amused. I am naturally serious too, and I always laugh at her."

Ariel clapped her great shapeless hands. "He always laughs at me!" she said, with a proud look of superiority directed straight at me.

I was at a loss, seriously at a loss, what to do. The outbreak which I had provoked in leading him to speak of the late Mrs. Eustace warned me to be careful and to wait for my opportunity before I reverted to *that* subject. How else could I turn the conversation so as to lead him, little by little, toward the betrayal of the secrets which he was keeping from me? In this uncertainty one thing only seemed to be plain. To let him tell his story would be simply to let him waste the precious minutes. With a vivid remembrance of Ariel's "ten claws," I decided nevertheless on discouraging Dexter's new whim at every opportunity and by every means in my power.

"Now, Mrs. Valeria!" he began, loudly and loftily. "Listen. Now, Ariel! Bring your brains to a focus. I improvise poetry; I improvise fiction. We will begin with the good old formula of the fairy stories: Once upon a time—"

I was waiting for my opportunity to interrupt him, when he interrupted himself. He stopped, with a bewildered look. He put his hand to his head, and passed it backward and forward over his forehead. He laughed feebly.

"I seem to want rousing," he said.

Was his mind gone? There had been no signs of it until I had unhappily stirred his memory of the dead mistress of Gleninch. Was the weakness which I had already noticed, was the bewilderment which I now saw, attributable to the influence of a passing disturbance only? In other words, had I witnessed nothing more serious than a first warning to him, and to us? Would he soon recover himself, if we were patient, and gave him time? Even Benjamin was interested at last: I saw him trying to look at Dexter round the corner of the chair. Even Ariel was surprised and uneasy. She had no dark glances to cast at me now.

We all waited to see what he would do, to hear what he would say, next.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

In a few remarks upon the action of lightning-conductors, Secchi, the well-known astronomer, describes the storm of November, 1872, in which the cathedral and palace of Alatri were struck by lightning, these structures having been free from such visitations for many years. The damage done on this occasion was, as he shows, due in great measure to the fact that the lightning-rods, instead of being directly connected with the metallic gutters and other portions of the roof, were isolated from them. The fluid, therefore, sought to make its own way to such other good conductors as were near. After quoting other instances, he expressed the opinion that the conditions most favorable to safety consist in joining the lightning-rod directly to all the metallic portions of the roof, and especially to the rain-water pipes, in order that greater facility may be offered to the electric fluid in its passage to the earth.

Lord Rayleigh contributes an extract from a forth-coming work by himself on acoustics, in which he submits a new theory of the action of resonators, and takes serious exception to the general statement that a resonator augments the body of sound by offering a column of air which is capable of vibrating in unison with the original sounding body. The exceptions to this rule, he thinks, are very important in a theoretical point of view, and he prefers to reverse the statement, and to say that the neighborhood of a resonator in unison with a sounding body diminishes the loudness of the latter. The resonator, in fact, instead of augmenting the effect of a source of sound, annuls it altogether, so far as external space is concerned, by absorbing the condensations and rarefactions into itself.

The Jesuit college of Zi-ka-wei, near Shanghai, China, has lately begun the publication of the meteorological observations taken by the fathers at the college. These have been made three times a day since 1868, and are printed upon monthly sheets, the first of which contains the observations for December, 1872. Notwithstanding the southern latitude of Shanghai, it is noted that there were forty-nine days of freezing temperatures during the four months from December, 1872, to March, 1873, the minimum temperature being 16° F. on the 31st of January. Shanghai is 5¼° further south than New Orleans. The instruments used at Zi-ka-wei are approved modern standards, similar to those adopted in France by St. Clair Deville.

According to the report of leveling operations recently carried on between the Aral and Caspian seas, it appears that the Aral is 250 feet above the Mertoi Kulduk, or the Dead Bay of the Caspian.

The committee appointed by the British Association to construct a catalogue of spectral rays state in their recent report that the whole of their work is now finished and ready for the printer, so far as regards the solar spectrum, while the positions of the metallic lines, as determined by Thalen, have been only partly reduced to uniformity with the rest of the work. The tables presented by them are constructed by throwing the solar lines into those groups which catch the eye in observing the spectrum, and the position of each line has been corrected for the dispersion of air. Both Kirchhoff's and Angstrom's scales will be given with the adopted wave lengths for each spectral line, so that it is hoped that, when these catalogues are printed, observers will find in them, in a collected form, the best materials which yet exist for the identification of lines, and for the reduction of fresh determinations to wave lengths.

The committee of the British Association who have for some years had in hand the preparation of a list of tables and the calculation of new mathematical tables report the completion of the tables of the elliptic functions, on which six or seven computers have been constantly engaged for two years past, under the superintendence of the Messrs. Glaisher. These tables give the four theta functions which form the numerators and denominators of the three elliptic functions. The calculations relating to these functions have been carried to ten decimal places, and the printed results will occupy about 400 pages.

Dr. Lasaulx has made a thorough study of the earthquake that occurred in Herzzogenrath on the 22d of October, 1873, and has found himself obliged to base his studies principally upon observations of the time at which the earthquake was felt. By means of a large number of such observations, he is able to draw curved lines connecting the points at which the shock was simultaneously felt, and thus incloses a central region directly over that spot within the earth whence the shock emanated. The velocity with which the wave was propagated along the surface of the earth was about ten miles per second. The depth of the centre was found, according to the method of Seebach, to be about six miles; while an independent computation by Professor Kortung gave a depth of three miles. It is evident, therefore, that the centre was in the solid part of the earth's crust, and the conclusion seems to be justified that the cause of the shock was the formation, or possibly the extension, of one of those cracks or faults that occur so frequently in that neighborhood, as revealed by the mining operations. A seismo-chronograph is described by Dr. Lasaulx, adapted to the determination of the exact moment of the shock, and it is highly desirable that such a simple instrument shall be extensively employed throughout the world in the investigation of these phenomena. Professor Abbe suggests that they are not beyond the reach of the Army Signal-office predictions.

Land and Water refers to the occurrence of some very large cod-fish off Mazatlan, West Mexico, as having been caught in June, 1873, by officers of the British ship *Scylla*. The largest of these fish measured six feet in length and weighed 230 pounds, the others being of different magnitudes down to eighty-five pounds. This statement, however, requires confirmation. It is a question whether the fish were really cod, or some other fish of more tropical habit more or less resembling it.

The latest information we have in regard to the progress of the British arctic expedition is contained in the January number of the *Geographical Magazine*, in which reference is made to the fact of the final selection of Captain George S. Nares as commander. He was a mate on board the *Resolute* in the expedition of 1852–54, and took an active part in the scientific and general work of the expedition, and was especially serviceable in the sledge journeys. Other nautical service has been his survey of the Gulf of Suez in the *Shearwater*, and his command of the *Challenger* from 1872 to 1874. Captain Albert H. Markham is to be second in command, and he also has a distinguished record prior to 1872, when he took passage on a steam whaler on a cruise beyond Baffin Bay and Prince Regent Inlet for the purpose of acquiring experience in regard to arctic travel.

There will be two lieutenants in the advance ship, of whom Lieutenant Pelham Aldrich will probably be one. He served as first lieutenant on the *Challenger* during the recent expedition. The other officers will be a navigating officer in special charge of magnetic observations, three sub-lieutenants, a surgeon, an assistant paymaster in charge, two engineers, and one scientific civilian. The scientific staff will be selected under the advice of Dr. Hooker, the president of the Royal Society, and each officer will be required to undertake some special duty connected with the objects of the expedition.

The first of the vessels selected is the *Alert*, a steam-sloop of 1045 tons. She is now undergoing repairs, and being fitted with new engines and boilers. The second ship is the *Bloodhound*, a steamer built for whaling about two years ago at Dundee. She is 160 feet long, with 29 feet beam and 18 feet depth of hold, and of 556 tons.

Suitable arrangements have already been made for the preparation of pemmican, provisions, and clothing, for procuring dogs and drivers in Greenland, etc.

From the proceedings of the Royal Society of Victoria we learn that during the past five years Mr. Ellery, of the Melbourne Observatory, has examined the positions of 38,000 stars. The great reflecting telescope, of four feet diameter and forty feet focal length, has been employed in examining the star Eta Argus and its surrounding nebula. The spectrum of this star is found to be crossed by bright lines, which seem to indicate that hydrogen, nitrogen, sodium, and magnesium are present, no direct lines having been seen with certainty, though they were suspected. Considerable changes have, however, occurred in the spectrum, if we may judge from a comparison of the records of 1869 and 1874, since in the latter year no bright lines were to be detected, while a distinct nebulosity surrounded the star, which had formerly appeared projected on the black background. The nebula surrounding this star is evidently subject to great changes. In the spectrum of Jupiter absorption lines constantly appear. An examination of the small stars near Sirius shows, besides Alvan Clark's companion and that of Lassell, eight others within a distance of one minute of arc.

According to a review by the *Athenæum* of Boyd Dawkins's *Cave Hunting*, the evidence of the cave deposits indicates the following facts, as far as our knowledge extends: "The climate and geography of Europe in ancient times were altogether different from those of the present day. We may infer, with a high degree of probability, that a paleolithic people migrated from the East into Europe, along with the peculiar pleistocene fauna in the *preglacial* age, and disappeared with the same arctic mammalia, leaving behind them as their representatives the Esquimaux, who were cave-dwellers, and occupied themselves in hunting and fishing, and supporting life in a rigorous climate.

"An indefinite interval of time, which can not be measured by years, separated these paleolithic peoples from their successors of the prehistoric times. These latter, or *neolithic* people, arrived also from the East, along with cereals and domestic animals. They were cave-dwellers, and also used caves as sepulchres, and we know more of them than of their forerunners. They were non-Aryan, swarthy (*melanochroi*), dolichocephalic, and short, and distinguished in many instances by *platycnemism* (a peculiar flattening of the shin). They were pastoral, herdsmen, and farmers; and when caves were not to be obtained, they buried their dead in chambered cairns. They disappeared, and left as their representatives the Basques, Berbers, and Kabyles.

"Another wave of migration swept over Europe from the East, this time Aryan, fair (*xanthochroi*), brachycephalic, tall, and broad-shouldered Celts, who brought with them metallurgic skill, bronze and iron, and a higher stage of civilization. The ancient Basque continent was submerged by the Celtic populations advancing steadily westward, certain parts of the non-Aryan peoples being left insulated, as the Ligurians, Sikani, Sardinians, etc. Similarly the Belgæ invaded the Celts, and the Germans in their turn pressed southward and westward on the Belgæ, driving away or absorbing the inhabitants of the regions they conquered."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Agreement of Opinion.—An old Connecticut parson, whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, and who was blessed with a temper of great value, was one day told by a parishioner that he did not like his sermons. "Well," said the old man, "I don't wonder at it. I don't like 'em myself."

When do the teeth usurp the tongue's prerogative? —When they are chattering.

"Julius, why is de gettin' out o' bed on de 31st ob August like one ob Moore's Melodies? Does you gib it up, my 'spected cullud friend?" "In course I does. Why?" "Bekase it's de last rose ob summer!"

Gastronomical.—An epicure once asserted that two were required to make a meal of a chicken—himself and the chicken!

A VALENTINE.

I dearly luv the singin' bird
And little buzzin' bee,
But dearer far than all the world
Is thy sweet voice to me.

Oh, very deep is daddy's well,
And deeper is the sea,
But deeper in my buzzum is
The luv I bear for thee.

Then smile on me, dear Angeline,
And make my heart feel lite;
Chain the big dog and I will cum
A-cortin' Sunday nite.

A harmless, half-witted creature was accosted by a saucy fellow, who thought to make game of him. "I say, Jack, lad, dost want a place? Master wants a fool." "Ay, indeed," replied Jack: "wants a fool, does he? Then are you going to leave, or does he want a couple?"

How many sleeves has a coat of arms?

A gentleman passing across the play-ground of a public school was affronted by the boys, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did thus: "I have been abused by some rascals of this place, and I came to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

A man's good fortune often turns his head; his bad fortune as often averts the heads of his friends.

An old toper chanced to drink a glass of water one day for want of something stronger. Smacking his lips, and turning to one of his companions, he remarked, "Why, it don't taste badly. I have no doubt it's wholesome for females and tender children!"

Paddy Malone went to his priest and asked him, "What is a *meracle*, your riverince?" The priest asked him several questions, and found he had been to the revival meetings and heard strange talk. He was mighty mad, and telling Paddy to stand out before him, he gave the poor fellow a tremendous kick in the rear. "Did it hurt you?" asked the priest. "To be sure it did," says Paddy. "And it would have been a *meracle* if it didn't," replied his reverence; with which Paddy walked away—answered, but not satisfied.

Why is a dog like a tree?—Because both lose their bark when dead.

A deaf-and-dumb mendicant was suddenly startled by the rude shouts of some boys while walking down a city street, and in turning slipped on a banana skin and fell. He gave the lads a severe lecture, much to the enjoyment of the blind beggar at the corner, who saw the whole occurrence through his green glasses, and was much amused thereat.

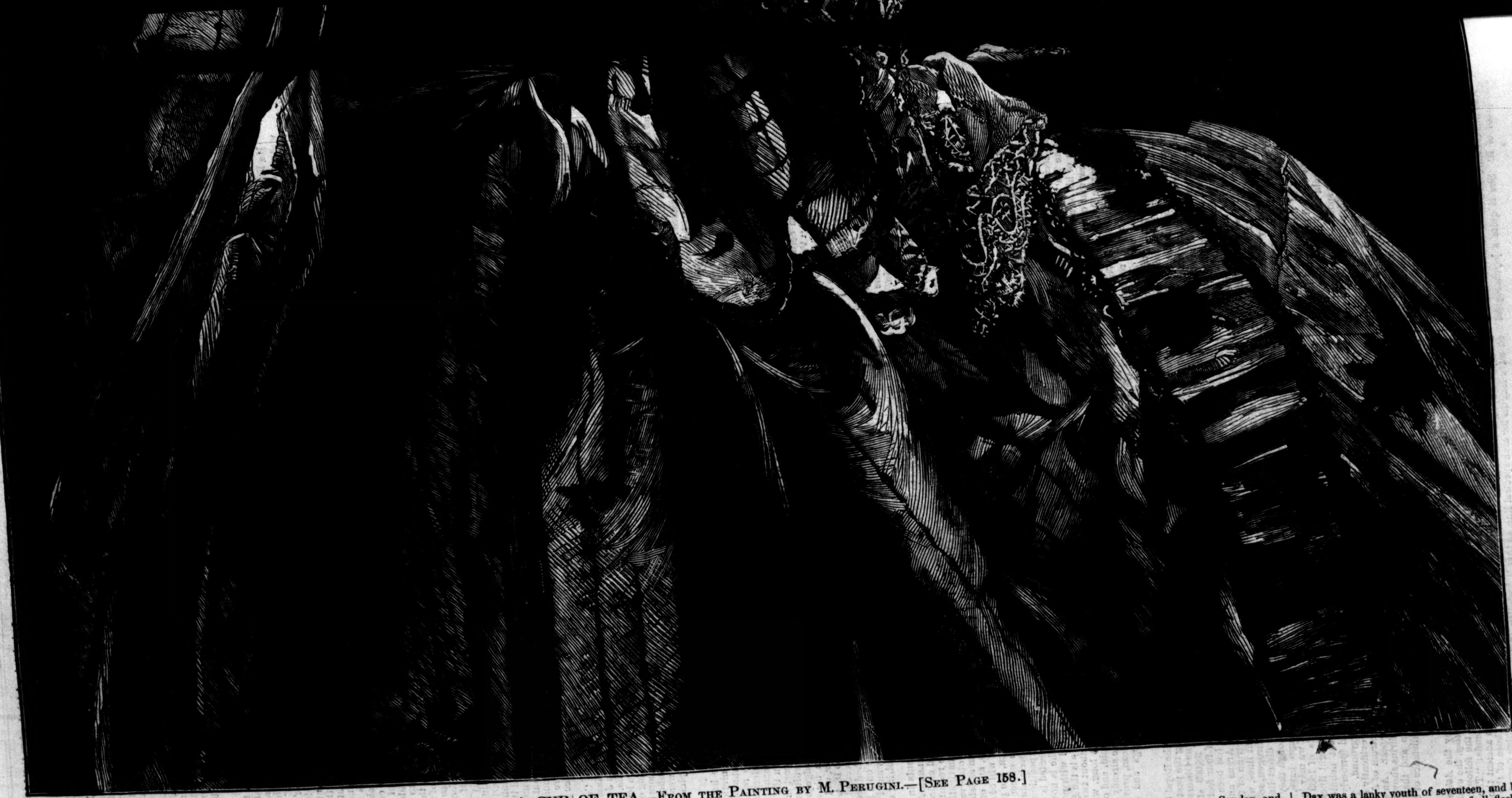
Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex when he compares women and clocks: "The latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them."

Mrs. Partington declares that she does not wish to vote, as she fears she couldn't stand the electrical franchise.

"Did you steal the complainant's coat?" asked a magistrate of a seedy individual who was arraigned before him. "I decline to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public by answering that question," responded the seedy individual, with a glance at the reporters.

A Western poet who had expressed a wish to die "amidst the grand solitude of the eternal mountain-tops" was killed by the explosion of a pint of cheap kerosene.

A farmer called at the house of a lawyer to consult him professionally. "Is t' squeer at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's wife. He was answered negatively. After a moment's hesitation a thought relieved him. "Mebby yourself can gi' me information as well as t' squeer, as ye're his wife?" The kind lady promised to do so if she found it in her power, and the other proceeded as follows: "Spoaze ye were an old white mear, an' I should borry ye to gwang to mill with grist on yer back, an' we should get no farder than Stair Hill, when all at once ye should back up, and rear up, and pitch up, and kneel down backward, and break yer darned old neck, who'd pay for ye? Not I—darn me if I would!" The lady smilingly told him, as she closed the door, that as he had himself settled the case, advice would be superfluous.



A CUP OF TEA.—From the Painting by M. Perugini.—[See Page 158.]

The Romance of a Back Street.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "Poor Humanity," "Carry's Confession," "Second Cousin Sarah," etc.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN DAX.

The fancy repository in Gibbon Street, Lambeth, was no ephemeral affair—none of your fly-away businesses, subject to strange accidents, defaulcant tenants, and missing keys, at those embarrassing quarters of the year when the landlord wants his rent. Meagre and poor to look at, "Morison's Repository" had evidently been a good one to go, if the board between the first-floor windows could be relied on for veracity, the business having been established in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight. No one doubted the fact in Gibbon Street; the oldest inhabitant had no recollection of any name save Morison over the little square windows of the shop, where business was far from brisk, despite the date of its first start, and the claims of old associations which it asserted over all new-comers to the neighborhood.

There were two Morisons left to manage the shop at the date our story opens—two pale-faced young women, who would have been pretty in another sphere, with a fancy repository off their minds, and a struggle to keep afloat in the world less perceptibly manifest. Morison's Repository could *not* be doing well down that shadowy back street, where grim facts were more patent to the locality than fancy goods. There was little in the window to attract the attention of passers-by making their short-cuts to Waterloo Road and Kennington, and the regular customers were always few and far between. The stock did not change much from year's end to year's end. There were wooden and leather dolls that seemed as old and time-stained as the bricks of the edifice; there was a superior wax doll under a cracked glass shade, which had been once the glory of the firm, but which had let in the flies of late days, and spotted irretrievably the image of youthful beauty still simpering beneath it. In their proper seasons there were a few new half-penny balls, shuttlecocks, marbles, and kites, but they went off slowly, and there was always a heavy percentage of them lying in odd corners of the window long after the demand for them had subsided. The rent was not paid by the profits on these fancy goods we may assert at once. A written announcement in Italian hand, framed and glazed and hung up at the back of the window, told the old story of hard work and small pay. "Dress-making done here," had been formally announced three months after old Morison had died, leaving a second wife and two daughters to the mercies of Gibbon Street, and then dress-making killed the second wife off-hand, and made of the daughters two sunken-eyed, hollow-cheeked, sad-looking young women, whom the neighbors respected and pitied, and helped with orders when they were able. Time was when the Morison girls had been considered stuck up; that was when the father was alive, a clerk in the Customs, with a scanty salary that helped toward paying the rent, and kept him every evening in fours of whisky and water, hot, at the "George," over the way. People said, till he died, that he had made a pretty penny by the business; and then his wife and daughters half ruined themselves with the expenses of his funeral, and it began to be whispered abroad that they were "down on their luck," even for the denizens of Gibbon Street. Still they never gave way, never acknowledged that they were poor or hard pressed, even when the mother died; and three years afterward they were still the Misses Morison, of the repository, with a smile and nod—the former forced at times—to those who gave each in her turn good-day at the front-door or in the murky recesses of the shop.

They were young women seldom, if ever, seen together—work would not allow it, or the shop stopped the way to the society of each other; for if there were no pressure of business, there were many questions as to the price of goods, from penniless children of an inquiring turn of mind and with much time upon their hands. One week Mary Morison, the younger sister, worked at dress-making behind the counter, and Ellen, the elder by two years, and only one-and-twenty, was to be seen, over the wire blind of the parlor door, stitching quickly and steadily, and thinking of old times, perhaps; and next week the position would be reversed, and Mary would be in-doors, and Ellen waiting for all customers.

They went to church twice every Sunday, and were good young women, who did not run after the chaps on Sabbath evenings, as was the fashion among the girls of Gibbon Street, take them in the aggregate. It was remarked by curious folk that they did not go to church together, but that each went her own way and to her own particular place of worship, as though their religions differed, or a week's hard work together had rendered them weary of each other's company. And Sundays or week-days, they always looked gravely at the world before them, and took life as a serious undertaking, which it was to them. They kept no company, and they never called upon their neighbors save in the way of "measuring" and "fitting" and taking home their work; want of time was their excuse, whenever excuse was necessary, to those who would have liked to call them friends.

Mary and Ellen Morison had no friends, unless we except John Dax, who was their "humble and obedient servant to command," and who came every morning at seven and every evening at ten to take down and put up the shutters before the windows of the establishment. This was an occupation that had begun when John Dax was a lanky youth of seventeen, and before old Morison had gone the way of all flesh, and for five years and more had been continued. John Dax had been first discovered on the door-step of the fancy repository, quietly shivering himself to death, until he had been helped in by father and daughters, and supplied with something warm and filling for the nonce. Then they had learned John's history—that he was out of work and times were bad, and his father was a vocalist, that is, a gentleman whose especial mission it was to howl nautical ballads in the streets, and to depend upon the patronage of those who stopped to hear him. It had been hard work that winter with John's father, whose voice gave way about the same period as his legs, which were taken suddenly with paralysis, and spoiled business, and so John Dax from that time forth had done his best to work for his father and himself, not always with success, and not at any time to the satisfaction of his parent, who was an exacting man, a mercenary man, and hard to please. When John Dax came home with less than one and sixpence, John Dax's father swore profanely; and when John brought no money home at all—which was oc-

casionally the case—the father would fling his crutches at him, and bid him keep away until he was of service to him, and money could be had in some fashion.

"Gort's truth—ain't there any hankerchers hanging out of back pockets now?" he screamed forth one day in his rage; but this might have been in a moment of excitement, and not intended as a hint to his son and heir, standing by the doorway, and keeping a watchful eye upon the crutch. At all events, John Dax never brought home pocket-handkerchiefs, though he loitered much about the streets when there was no work for casual hands to be found in the factories, and no spare cash to hire a barrow and heap it up with damaged fruits, and go costering in the New Cut and Lower Marsh.

John Dax was not a strong youth, and hard work and indifferent living had told against him, till the night of his collapse on Mr. Morison's door-step, as they were telling against him even more forcibly five years and some odd months afterward. He was the shadow of a young man at that time, a patient and uncomplaining being, whom the wise folk down his court where his father lived considered "half a fool," he was so awfully quiet, and took his troubles with such strange philosophy. The life of the boy was the life of the man, with very little difference, luck having been dead against John Dax from the unfortunate day of his birth—factory life, street-barrow life, shoe-black life, life from hand to mouth, which means the mouth wide open and nothing for the hand to put into it.

Patience and perseverance in this weak, old-fashioned young man ought to have accomplished something for John Dax, if there be any truth in aphorisms; but there were certain obstacles in his way, and he was only surmounting them by degrees. Five years ago he had been unable to read and write, and Mary Morison had told him she was ashamed of him for that, and he had begun in odd moments afterward, and under terrible difficulties, his father's grave objection being one of them. He had succeeded partly in his efforts, that is, he could write his own name and spell a few facts out of the columns of a newspaper. Mary Morison, unwittingly, was another obstacle to his advancement, for we may say at once that John Dax was over head and ears in love with her, and would have declined any situation under the sun that would have prevented his opening and shutting the repository, and catching a glimpse of Mary's face, and of being warmed to the heart's core by Mary's sad but pleasant smile. Mary was a princess to this ill-clad, ill-fed young man—a divinity in rusty black—and as far above his dreams or his ambitions as the other goddesses. She was a fair obstacle in the way of his advancement, nevertheless, but she never guessed it, and as for imagining that he loved her, she would as soon have dreamed of love from the fly-blown doll under the glass case in the window. He was no hero to her—only a poor sickly mortal, who put the shutters up for ninepence a week, and went cowering home afterward in the shadows of the narrow streets beyond, where crime was rife and penury was plentiful.

Still John Dax had his romance, and that is why the history of it, and all that came of it, may be worth the telling in these pages.

CHAPTER II.

LEFT IN TRUST.

When it was Ellen Morison's turn to keep watch and ward behind the counter of the little shop in Gibbon Street, John Dax saw but little of the younger sister. Ellen was equally kind in her quiet way, equally gentle and sympathetic in her patronage, but the kindness and the patronage were not Mary's.

One evening in Ellen's week, John Dax became suddenly more absent and confused than ordinary, and Ellen, an observant young woman, even when work was pressing, detected a change in his demeanor before he had put up the third shutter of the shop, and nearly succeeded in driving the corner of it through the upper glass window.

When he came in for shutter No. 4 she said, without looking up from her work,

"Is any thing the matter, John?"

"Yes—there is—a little the matter," he said, in a hesitating manner.

"Are you ill?" asked Ellen Morison.

"No, I ain't ill," answered John Dax, "but the old un is."

"Your father?"

"Yes; he's going off the books at last."

John was not refined in his discourse—even in his grief the poor fellow was slangy; and there was real grief at the bottom of his heart for the man who had brought him up badly, and been never grateful for a son's attention.

Ellen Morison said a few words of comfort to him, quoted one or two texts applicable to his condition, and stitched on in her usual swift and silent manner. John listened, nodded gravely, and went away, returned a moment afterward, and leaned across the counter to say, in a husky voice,

"Tell her."

"Tell whom?" asked Ellen Morison, surprised.

"Miss Mary: she was asking after the guvnor last week."

Ellen moved her head slightly, as if in acquiescence.

"*She* is well, I suppose?" asked John, glancing askance at the wire blind.

"She is quite well, thank you," answered the elder sister.

"She was looking very pale last week, I fancied," said John.

Miss Morison did not reply to this, and John, after waiting a minute, as if for his answer, took himself off the premises. The next morning when he knocked at the door of the repository he was agreeably surprised to find it was Mary Morison who opened the door to him. He had arrived a quarter of an hour earlier than usual, and Mary was the first down stairs.

"You are before your time, John," she said, as he began to unscrew the inner bolt of the shutters.

"Yes, I thought I'd come earlier—I couldn't rest."

"What is the matter, then?"

"The guvnor died in the night. I said he would."

"Your father dead!" exclaimed Mary. "I'm very sorry for you."

"Thank you," answered John; "it's kind to say so. You've been expecting it, mayhap."

"No, I've not."

"Didn't Miss Ellen tell you last night I thought it would be soon?"

"No."

"Oh! she forgot, I s'pose."

"Very likely," answered Mary; "she is busy just now."

John thought of this reply after he had taken the shutters down, and was disposed to believe that there was a lack of sympathy with his orphanage, until Mary said,

"Is there any thing I can do for you in this distress, John?"

"God bless yer, miss, nothink," he blurted forth.

"I'm afraid you can not do much for yourself, my poor fellow!"

"I must leave it to the parish," said John.

In the evening he came as usual, but this time with a deputy—an overgrown, bullet-headed youth of stolid aspect. John came in with his face very white and his hands shaking with excitement, and Ellen Morison, at her old post behind the counter, thought he had been drinking.

"I couldn't stop away and leave you in the lurch," he said at once; "but I ain't up to the shutter business—I ain't well—I've been flurried and flustered, and somethink has 'appened and took me off my feet, and off my head, I think. I can't tell you now."

There was an old cane-bottomed chair on his side of the counter, and he dropped into it, spread his thin hands before his face, and began to cry, keeping all the noise to himself, and only gurgling internally now and then.

"I'm better now—don't mind me," he said at last.

"Is your father dead, then?" asked Ellen Morison.

"Yes; didn't Miss Mary tell you all about it?"

Ellen Morison hesitated for an instant, as if there were a difficulty in replying to this question.

"No, she did not," was the decisive answer at last.

"I told her this morning when I came to open the shop, and she seemed cut up to hear it."

"We have lost a father too, John," said Miss Morison, sadly.

"I'm glad of that—I mean I'm glad you know what my feelings is about it. Not that that's floored me all of a heap like this, but somethink else, which I'll let you know of presently—not now, I'm too flustered—wait."

"I should go home and rest," Miss Morison suggested, still with the idea on her mind that grief had driven John Dax to the gin-shop.

"I will—thankee—I will. You won't mind his doing the work for a day or two, till the funeral's over?" he said, dragging forward his deputy by the fragile lapel of his jacket. "He's to be trusted, or I wouldn't have brought him, 'pon my soul!"

He went away, to return again after his old fashion. It was a habit of John Dax to come back for a last word or to hazard a final remark, and even in his excitement he seemed bound to re-appear. On this occasion it was with a purpose, at any rate.

"I nearly forgot it," he said, as he stooped and took up a bundle from the floor. "I put it down when I came in fust, and there I might have left it altogether—only at the corner of the street I thought of it. What a lark to leave it there!" And, to the surprise of the listener, he began laughing so hysterically that it was a mercy when he came to a full stop.

He placed the bundle on the counter—it seemed very heavy and very tightly tied together—and pushed it toward Ellen Morison.

"Will you ask Miss Mary to take care of this till I come back again?" he said. "Will you—will you mind my giving it her myself?"

And then, for the first time in his life, he took the liberty of walking to the parlor door, turning the handle, and entering the room where Mary Morison was supposed to be at work. But Mary was sitting at the table with her work unheeded on her lap, and her hands spread before her face. John thought she was asleep, till the hands dropped and showed she had been crying, and then John said, quickly,

"Oh, Miss Mary, what is it with you?—what is it?" and forgot his bundle till it fell with a crash on the floor.

"How dare you come into the room?" cried Mary, indignantly. "Who told you to enter? What do you want?"

"I—I beg parding—I am very rude; but I'm going to be away a bit, and I want you to mind this till I come back."

"What is it, John?" asked Mary, softening at his appeal, and at his wistful looks toward her.

"I want *you* to mind it, not the t'other one," he said; "to keep it and what's in it if you don't see me any more—that's all. Good-by."

"What is it?" asked Mary, curiously.

But John did not answer her. He backed out of the shop and ran away from Gibbon Street, and it was six months before the dress-makers saw him again.

CHAPTER III.

A DOUBLE CONFESSION.

John Dax came back to Gibbon Street in the winter-time, when the snow was falling. He had been away six months, and the Morisons might have forgotten him altogether had there not been a bundle in the bedroom cupboard to remind them of the goods he had left in trust. He came back to find nothing changed in the repository: the window stock was unaltered, the doll still simpered beneath its cracked glass shade, the gas burned as dimly and fitfully as ever; one sister sat at work behind the counter, grave as Fate, and by the fireside in the parlor worked the other at the eternal dress-making. He had hardly expected to find the place and those who had endeared it to him in the same condition; there had been so great a change to him that he could not believe in life flowing on in as silent and monotonous a fashion as he had known it in his day. He had turned into Gibbon Street with an awful heart-sinking; he had wondered what he should do if the shop were closed, and an announcement that the premises were to let was affixed upon the shutters he had put up and taken down so often; he had prayed even that all might be as he had left it, as he stepped from the deep snow-drift into the well-known shop.

It was Ellen's week again, and he knew it. He had even calculated the weeks to make sure of it, for a reason of his own that will presently appear. He entered the premises so changed himself, for all the snow upon his shoulders, that Ellen Morison did not know him, to begin with.

"What can I serve you with, Sir?" she asked, after waiting for orders in vain.

"Miss Morison, don't you know me?" he exclaimed, leaning over the counter, and looking hard into her face. She recoiled at his impulsive movement, and put her hands to the bosom of her black dress, as if afraid to look at him; then she drew a long deep breath of relief, and came close to her side of the counter, regarding him more critically.

"I don't think I know you," she said, hesitatingly.

"My name is John Dax," he said.

"John Dax," repeated Miss Morison—"not—not the man who used to come here every day—to—"

"To help with the shutters—yes."

"You have altered very much," she said, extending her hand to him, as to an old friend, "and I am glad to see it."

"Thankee," said John.

He had altered very much for the better, Ellen Morison meant, and John took it as a compliment, and was grateful for her opinion. He had tried hard to better himself from the day of his father's funeral, and he was glad that he had succeeded, that he had not striven in vain. He was still thin and pale, but he had grown a big brown beard, which became him, and rendered him more manly of appearance; he held his head erect, and looked steadily, not furtively, at his opposite neighbor; he was well dressed, and it was difficult to associate him with the rags and squalor of six months ago.

"Nothing has changed here much," said John, looking round.

"Nothing—much," was the echo.

"Miss Mary," he said, with a great gulp, "is there?"

"Yes!"

"And well?"

"Quite well."

"She sits by the fire just as she used: it's a picter—picture," he said, correcting himself, "I have often seen while I have been away."

Miss Morison looked critically at him again, and then resumed her stitching.

"I'll sit here with my back to the parlor, if you don't mind," John said, "because I should like to ask you a few questions before she knows I'm here, because I should like to tell you, her sister, straight out what's upon my mind."

Miss Morison resumed her stitching after another critical glance in his direction.

"You was both—I should say, you were both—very kind to me when I was fighting hard to live. For years I came back'ards and for'ards, always meetin' with kind words, often with kind help, when you seemed—don't mind my saying of it now, miss—hardly able, the two of you, to help yourselves. This shop was a kind of heaven to me, and I was very wretched out of it. Then my father died."

"Yes," said Ellen Morison, softly, as he paused.

"Died rich."

The dress-maker left off work in her surprise.

"There was saved up in the mattress of his bed one hundred pounds in five-pound Bank of England notes, and about as much in soverins—sovereigns, I should say. He had been scraping and slaving all his life for this, with no one a bit the worse save hisself, and it was only by chance I found all about it, after he was dead."

"I congratulate you on your good fortune, John."

"My first idea was it had all been stolen," John continued, "for the guvnor kept bad company, and rum people came to talk to him when I was out. On the day you last saw me what do you think I did?"

"I don't know," was the simple answer.

"I took the notes to the Bank of England—making up my mind to be took—taken up—with 'em, if they knew the numbers, as I thought they would."

"That was an honest act, John," said Ellen, warmly.

"No, it wasn't," answered John, quickly, "for if the numbers had been known, I could have said how I had found the notes, you see, and got clear off. *She*," he added in a whisper, "would have had the gold."

"What gold?"

"The hunderd pounds in the bundle I left here—they could not have proved the money belonged to any one in partickler, and she would have been the better for it."

"This was wrong," exclaimed Ellen Morison.

"Yes, I suppose it was; but I didn't know wrong from right very clearly, and I only wanted to help her. Nobody could have proved the gold didn't belong to her, and I wanted to help her, you see," he said again.

"I see," repeated Ellen.

"The perlice—the police—would have bagged the lot; it would have gone to the Crown, or something, if it had been found along with the notes; and what good would the money have done any body then?"

"This is shallow reasoning, John," said Ellen: "the newspaper would have betrayed you, too, and told us the whole story."

"You never read the paper."

"We should have heard it from our neighbors."

"I should not have given my own name."

"Well, well," said Ellen Morison, resuming her needle-work, "the notes were not stolen, and you have come back for your money."

She rose as if with the intention of fetching it, when John Dax leaped across the counter and seized her by the arm.

"No, no! God forbid!" he cried. "Sit down, please, while I tell you the rest of my mind. She's not looking up; she's brooding over the fire just as I have seen her a score of times before, and does not know that any body's here."

"What is there more to say about her?" asked Ellen, sitting down again, thus adjured.

"Something much worse, you'll think, I dare say," he said; "but I can't help it. It's on my mind, I say again; and I want to tell you, to begin with."

"Well?" asked Ellen, as he paused.

"I've kept away six months in order to learn to read and write in earnest, and be less like the wreck of a chap I was," he said, frankly, "in order to be fit to be your friend and hers—especially hers. You've been a couple of angels to me, and I want to make a kind of a return with that money for both of you, for I shall never want it."

"Thank you, John, but we are never likely to take it," was the proud reply.

"I want you not to think of that at present," he said, "to let it wait there for me, then, till I come to fetch it. But I want to tell you outright now how I love your sister—how I have been loving her for years and years—right on, by God, without a break!"

It was a strangely excited face now that glared across at Ellen Morison; it was full of pathos and passion and a terrible anxiety.

"Why do you tell me this?" cried Ellen Morison, in a now harsh voice.

She was excited herself, and scarcely heeded his wild looks.

"Because you can help me, because you can tell me if she is liked by any one else; if there will ever be a chance of her learning to like me—not now, of course not; if I may come here as a friend at first, a humble friend, teaching himself to be worthy of her by degrees; if she would mind my coming, not knowing that I liked her yet—not guessing at it for an instant."

"Would you come if there was no chance for you?" asked Ellen.

"No," he said, after a pause, "I fancy not. Then I should be glad to hook it, for good."

"There is not a chance," affirmed Miss Morison, severely; "and you are a poor fool to think there is."

"I didn't think there was," muttered John Dax, hanging down his head; "I didn't dream of it, hardly—but I thought I'd ask."

"Ask for yourself, and see what she will say," said Ellen.

"No, no; I can believe you," said John, shrinking at the suggestion. "God bless her, why should I trouble *her?* But if some day you will say to her—"

"Don't take my word for any thing," cried Ellen, as excited as himself; "don't tell me what to say; don't ask me to speak to her. *She and I have not spoken to each other for three years!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CUP OF TEA.

Apropos of our beautiful double-page engraving from Perugini's picture, a few words about the introduction of tea in England will interest our readers. Tea seems to have been well known in that country as a beverage before the Restoration, but it was a costly luxury, the use of which was confined to the upper classes. The *Mercurius Politicus* of September 30, 1658, contains an advertisement setting forth in glowing terms the virtues of the new "China drink." In 1661 it stood so high in esteem that the East India Company thought a couple of pounds a gift worthy the acceptance of the king. Its use spread rapidly among the wealthy, although the dramatists railed against it as only fit for women, and men who lived like women. One writer of that period laments that some of his friends have fallen into the "base, unworthy Indian practice" of calling for tea after dinner in place of the pipe and bottle. The enemies of the new fashion also attacked it as an insidious pretext for bringing together the wicked of both sexes, scandal, if the satirists of the period are to be believed, being an indispensable accompaniment of the cheering cup.

Some writers denounced tea on economical grounds. It was declared to be the "bane of good housewifery and the source of idleness." The way of using it was so little known that one

good country lady, on receiving a pound of tea as a present from a city friend, boiled the whole of it in a kettle and served up the leaves with salt and butter to her expectant neighbors, who had been specially invited to give their opinion on the novelty. They unanimously voted it detestable.

Dr. JOHNSON, a tremendous tea-drinker, called it a "merely nominal entertainment, a pretense for assembling to prattle." He gives the annual importation then (1757) as about four million pounds, "a quantity," he adds, "sufficient to alarm us." JONAS HANWAY in that year wrote a pamphlet against tea, ascribing many evils and disorders to its use, and calling attention to the alarming fact that no less than six English ships and five hundred seamen were at that time engaged in this pernicious traffic! Had Dr. JOHNSON, who reviewed HANWAY'S pamphlet, foreseen the great "tea party" in Boston Harbor a few years later, he would have been more firmly convinced that tea was a "barren superfluity," which Englishmen would do well to eschew.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Wednesday,	17.	Ember-Days.
Friday,	19.	Ember-Days.
Saturday,	20.	Ember-Days.
Sunday,	21.	—Second Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday,	24.	—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	28.	—Third Sunday in Lent.

MARCH.

Sunday,	7.	—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	14.	—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	21.	—Sunday before Easter.
Thursday,	25.	—Annunciation B. V. M.
Friday,	26.	—Good-Friday.
Saturday,	27.	—Easter-Even.
Sunday,	28.	—Easter-Day.

THE Presbyterian papers, especially those of the South, devote large space to the discussion of the reasons for the failure of the Conference held in Baltimore January 7 to accomplish any result. The essential facts were given in this Intelligence January 30. The Conference lasted an entire week; there were, however, but two joint meetings held, the communications being wholly in writing. "The first step in the business was the announcement by the Southern committee that they were prepared to receive proposals with a view to removing hinderances in the way of fraternal correspondence. The Northern committee replied that they *did not know of* the existence of any valid obstacles to fraternal intercourse." The Northern committee insisted on the fact that all deliverances of their Assembly which reflected on the Southern Church had in 1870 been declared null and void. The Southern committee wished that apology should be made for the obnoxious deliverances. As neither side would yield at this point, the Conference necessarily came to a close.

The first of a series of mass-meetings of Universalists in the Northwest was held in Chicago January 20. The attendance of delegates from adjoining States was quite numerous. The Rev. Dr. RYDER gave the address of welcome. The topics discussed were the "Outlook of Universalism in the Northwest," "Missionary Work," "The Kind of Preaching most needed," and "Universalism in Orthodox Churches." The Rev. S. ELLIS, who treated the last topic, deprecated controversy with orthodox Christians. He said: "Many ministers entered their fields as pugilists, and sought first to knock somebody down, doing first what should be done last. Another course adopted, to the ruin of the Church, was the bringing out of old doctrinal sermons—sermons that had been before preached, and were adapted to a former age. Church unity was the spirit of the age, but too often neglected. The modern minister should take the whole community into his arms, avoiding pugilism and the giving of offense." Mass-meetings were announced to be held at Racine, Wisconsin, February 3 and 4; Cedar Rapids, Iowa, February 17 and 18; and Lansing, Michigan, February 24 and 25.

The Moravians have lost the senior bishop of their American province, the Rev. SAMUEL REINKE, who died last month in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in his eighty-fourth year. The father and grandfather of this venerable man were Christian ministers; a son is one of the bishops of the American Moravian Church. He was born at Litiz, Pennsylvania, in 1791, was ordained a bishop in 1858, and was known as an original and able preacher.

On the 4th of February the Illinois Protestant Episcopal Convention elected the Rev. Dr. DE KOVEN bishop. On the third and final ballot the vote stood: Clergy—DE KOVEN, 39; LEEDS, 27. Laity—Necessary to confirm, 30; yeas 31, nays 28.

The literature of the GLADSTONE controversy with the papacy increases in magnitude, and does not fall off in interest. Archbishop MANNING'S reply is a bulky pamphlet, but has not been republished in the United States. Mr. HENRY PETRE, who was one of the first of the Catholic laity to express doubt of the validity of the new dogmas, has been informed by his bishop, Dr. VAUGHAN, of Salford, that unless he retracts he will be denied the sacraments. Mr. PETRE has published the correspondence between himself and the bishop in the London *Times*. Canon LIDDON, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Monsignor CAPEL have fallen into a debate on the question whether the ritualists of the Church of England are not engaged in disseminating certain Roman Catholic doctrines. Four doctrines especially are instanced—invocation of saints, transubstantiation, absolution, and the incarnation, the last as leading to certain forms of devotion. To prove his position Monsignor CAPEL quotes freely from ritualistic books of devotion; Canon LIDDON meets this statement by saying that he can find among Roman Catholic writers as great deviations from the strict doctrinal teachings of their Church. He so far acknowledges the force of his critics' citations as to say: "Monsignor CAPEL will have done us English Churchmen a good service if he leads any of our brethren to abandon language or practices unauthorized by the Church of England, and tending to bring about a result that we must all unfeignedly deplore, however desirable he may think it. He has succeeded, as I can not but think, in putting his finger upon some expressions which I would respectfully ask the writers and editors of devotional books to reconsider in the light of the public formularies of the Church of England."

Doctrinas y Disciplina de la Yglesia Metodista Episcopal del Sur is the title of a volume of 326 pages, containing the doctrines and discipline of the Southern Methodist Church, for the use of its members in Mexico. This announcement is one of the signs of the progress of Protestantism in that country.

The operations of the London School Board are carried on with great vigor. Already 80,000 children have been gathered into the schools, and it is expected that in a year's time the number will be increased to 120,000. In discussing recently the comparative merits of denominational and undenominational education, Professor FAWCETT severely criticised the opposition of the clergy to the national system. He declared that this opposition was having the effect to leave the population of the rural districts of England in great ignorance. In illustration of this point he showed that "seventy-eight per cent. of the town population of England and Wales were under school boards and under compulsory by-laws, but that not one in 100 of the rural districts had a school board, and where there was no board there were no means of securing the attendance of the children."

In reply to BISMARCK'S circular in relation to the next papal election, Count ANDRASSY states that Austria will "content herself with the right traditionally belonging to her of excluding one of the candidates nominated by the Council of Cardinals." If, however, this right be impugned, Austria will claim the privilege of considering whether the new Pope is duly elected or not. According to the Prussian correspondent of the London *Times*, since this answer was given, in 1872, the Pope has issued a new decree shortening the term for the election of his successor, removing the Conclave from Rome, and modifying the ceremonial in such a way as to render the exercise of the right of excluding candidates difficult if not impossible.

According to the same correspondent, the great Catholic powers have come to an agreement as to the course to be pursued by them when the next Conclave is held.

The Society of Biblical Archæology, of London, has made provision for the teaching of classes in Assyrian and Egyptian writing. The Assyrian class will be in charge of the Rev. A. H. SAYCE, who has prepared an elementary grammar of the cuneiform language; the Egyptian will be under the care of P. LE PAGE RENOUF.

The question of reducing the size of the Presbyterian General Assembly is mooted. It has become too unwieldy for the prompt transaction of business. It has been proposed to elect the Commissioners from the Synods in place of the Presbyteries. Another proposition is to reduce the ratio of representation. The subject is likely to be fully discussed this year.

The German Catholic episcopate has already lost this year by death the Archbishop of Bamberg, in Bavaria, Dr. VON DEINLEIN. He was in his seventy-fifth year, was consecrated in 1856 Bishop of Augsburg, and in 1858 was translated to Bamberg. He was in the Vatican Council one of the opponents of the decree of infallibility. It is expected that the Archbishop of Cologne and the Bishop of Münster will before long be deposed, as the Bishop of Paderborn has been.

The official ecclesiastical statistics of Prussia have been published in Berlin, and show that in 1871 there were 15,986,682 members of the Evangelical Church, 4642 Lutheran Separatists, 1601 Moravian Brethren, 1710 Irvingites, 8818 Baptists, 13,950 Mennonites, 1800 German and Christian Catholics, 8,268,169 Roman Catholics, 1887 Greeks, and 24,830 persons belonging to other sects—making a total of 24,313,550, with 325,540 Jews. Of the illiterates, 1,083,517 were Evangelicals, 1,150,290 Roman Catholics, 23,624 Jews, and 2846 were Dissenters.

It is a noticeable fact that in the city of Philadelphia the Protestant Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches keep well abreast of each other in numbers and activity. In the ranks of the Presbyterian ministry of the city are men who have won great fame. ALBERT BARNES is deceased, but his place is now filled by the Rev. LAWRENCE M. COLFELT; the Rev. JOHN CHAMBERS has been a leader for fifty years, and is still vigorous; Dr. HENRY A. BOARDMAN has been long known as an elegant scholar and writer; Dr. MUSGRAVE is renowned as a debater; Dr. A. A. WILLETTS, formerly a Methodist, is equally popular in the pulpit and on the platform.

Women's missionary societies are springing up in all the churches, and are destined, in this country at least, to become universal. The women of the "Christian Church" met and organized in Cincinnati, October 28, 1874, and have since selected the Jamaica mission for their first objective point.

The Queen of Madagascar is a practical Christian. She has issued a proclamation ordering the liberation of all slaves imported into her kingdom since the conclusion of the treaty with Great Britain in 1865 for the suppression of the traffic. In her proclamation she calls the Christians of England her "relations across the seas." Such of her subjects as do not set at liberty the slaves specified she will put in chains for ten years. The name of the queen is RANOVALOMANJAKA.

Of the lengths to which religious hatreds may go, even in the burial of the dead, two striking examples are given in European papers. The first occurred at the funeral of Sir THOMAS E. BLAKE, of Menlo, near Galway, Ireland. The procession was headed by two Protestant clergymen, who, on reaching the grave, were attacked by a mob and knocked down. "Had it not been," says the Dublin *Mail*, "for the intervention of a number of gentlemen, as well as of Catholic priests, who went to their rescue, they would in all probability have been seriously injured." As it was, they were compelled to deposit the body without reading the burial service.

The other instance occurred near Geneva, at the village church of Hermance. An old man named DURAND died, who had joined a Liberal Catholic congregation in the city. His friends claimed the right of interring him in the parish grave-yard, and brought the body there in a procession, at the head of which were three of the priests of the new state Church. The parish is still held by an ultramontane vicar. Avoiding the church, where an opposing crowd was collected, the procession went straight to the grave. Here they were saluted with hoots and yells from the adherents of the vicar. The frightened sexton fled, leaving the grave unfilled. The mob commenced throwing stones upon the coffin, breaking the lid before their violence could be checked. The cantonal authorities have banished the vicar, and committed the sexton for trial on the charge of neglecting his duty.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DURING the past few weeks many localities on the Hudson River between New York and Albany have presented a scene of picturesque activity. Men and boys, horses, steam-engines, elevators, etc., have been vigorously engaged in harvesting the noble crop of ice. Seldom has a season been so favorable for this work. The ice formed early, and the weather was continuously cold; hence the ice is thick and of good quality. It is said that the amount now stored by the various companies in this vicinity, within easy shipping distance of New York city, is greater than has ever been gathered by them before. It is estimated that there will be something like 2,500,000 tons of this necessary luxury stored up at the close of the season by the various large companies and by private parties. One would think there could be no possible danger of an "ice famine" next summer. At the end of January it was stated that there were then working on the river 9380 men, 1700 boys, 776 horses, and 47 engines. Unless February proves vastly milder than January, this great army of laborers will have finished their work, and the ice-houses will be packed full, long before nature's supply is exhausted, for the ice companies make a short and swift season—often from necessity, and always because it is prudent.

London does not seem to be a nice place to live in this winter. It is foggy, and day is turned into night; it is cold, and the houses are not well warmed; it is snowy, and the snow impedes the whole traffic of the city. One American, who is shivering through a London winter as best he can, says, "There is no real cold here, only a shivering chill in the air, which is much harder to endure—which you get to shrink from in a cowardly way that you are ashamed of, though you would face readily enough a brisk air with the mercury at ten degrees below zero, or even twenty, as I have known it in Albany." The same writer remarks that six inches of snow would paralyze the whole business of the city. There is no expectation of snow in London, and no arrangement made for it. So, when it comes, it seriously interferes with every thing in the great thoroughfares of the metropolis. He also says that few houses in London are thoroughly warmed. There are no furnaces, few stoves, and steam is not available. Open grates are the rule, which are sufficient only for small rooms, and halls and passages are unwarmed. After all, it is better to live where winters are acknowledged to be cold, and ample provision is made for keeping comfortable.

The Magnolia Sugar Plantation, forty-five miles below New Orleans, is said to be one of the finest plantations of its kind in the world. It is devoted exclusively to the raising of oranges and cane. The product from the cane of this plantation for 1874 was about 750,000 pounds of sugar and 750 barrels of sirup. The orange orchard numbers 7000 trees, and extends for a mile along the river. There, during the month of January, have been picked and shipped 1,100,000 oranges, which were sold for $1 per 100, and 500 trees still remain burdened with luscious fruit. These trees are from four to fifteen years old (beginning to bear the former period), the oldest being some twenty-five feet high, and freighted at one time with some 5000 oranges.

Galignani states that a party of contributors and draughtsmen of the *Chasse Illustrée* recently dined together at a well-known Paris restaurant on the flesh of a lion killed in Algeria by Constant Cheret. The flesh was found to be firm, close-grained, and palatable, but somewhat tough and difficult of digestion.

Two additional morgues have been constructed at Paris, the one near Notre Dame being found insufficient.

Railroad traveling in Massachusetts must be regarded as wonderfully safe, if we are to rely on the published statement that out of 42,000,000 passengers carried over the railways of that State in 1874 only one person was killed and seven injured, except by personal carelessness.

A magnificent diamond necklace and ear-drops were recently received at the New York Custom-house for delivery to Mrs. Fitch, formerly Miss Minnie Sherman. They were sent by the Khedive of Egypt as a wedding present to the daughter of General Sherman, in token of his appreciation of the advice concerning the reorganization and discipline of officers for his army given by the general during his visit to Cairo in 1873. They are valued at about $300,000, and were accompanied by a congratulatory letter from the Khedive.

An English barrister has suggested, seriously or otherwise, that an exchange of photographs should be the sole evidence of a promise of marriage, that in case of breach of promise it alone should give the deserted and forlorn party a right of action, and that it should correspond to the bought and sold notes of a broker.

The strong-box of the Shah of Persia consists of a small room twenty feet by fourteen. Here, spread upon carpets, lie jewels valued at seven millions sterling. Chief among them is the Kaianian crown, shaped like a flower-pot, and topped by an uncut ruby as large as a hen's egg, and supposed to have come from Siam. Near the crown are two lamb-skin caps adorned with splendid aigrettes of diamonds, and before them lie trays of pearl, ruby, and emerald necklaces, and hundreds of rings. A Mr. Eastwick, who is reported to have been allowed to examine the collection, states that conspicuous among the gauntlets and belts covered with pearls and diamonds is the Kaianian belt, about a foot deep, weighing perhaps eighteen pounds, and one complete mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. One or two scabbards of swords are said to be worth a quarter of a million each. There is also the finest turquois in the world, three or four inches long, and without a flaw; and an emerald as big as a walnut, covered with the names of kings who have possessed it.

The *American Grocer* informs its readers that the uninitiated public have but little idea to what extent articles put up in packages for sale are cut short in weight. The evil has so increased that some remedy must be devised. It is a wrong not only to consumers, but to all retail dealers who buy packages of any article and break the packages for the purpose of retailing from them. The *Grocer* recommends a national law compelling the packer to put his name upon all his packages, and making him responsible, under proper penalties, for the weight of the goods.

During the last week of January over a hundred persons were more or less severely injured by falls upon the neglected sidewalks of New York city. Icy walks are dangerous any way, but when covered by a sheet of snow the danger is doubled. It is stated that when January closed there were over one thousand complaints on file in the Mayor's office against persons charged with violating the Corporation ordinance in regard to removing snow and ice from the front of their premises. And, of course, thousands suffered who have never made any complaint.

Sad stories of the results of the late severe weather come from various parts of the country. Two little children of Martinsville, Missouri—a boy of ten and a girl of eight years—left their school, about a mile and a half from their home, one afternoon about four o'clock. They were overtaken by a furious snow-storm, lost their way, and were found the next morning frozen to death. They had sought shelter in a ravine, and, when found, the girl was covered with her brother's coat.

An exchange remarks: "We have four boys at our house—*Charley, Charley Don't, Charley Stop,* and *Charley B. Still!* Shall we ever get clear of the last three?" Probably not, till the first Charley is lost—in the man.

The Bessemer vessel has been tried, and achieved a speed of about nineteen miles an hour.

Some humorist says, "Don't work before breakfast; but if you have to work before breakfast, get your breakfast first." This is a sound principle for many persons, both in regard to mental and physical labor. Yet many find themselves better able to work mentally before breakfast than at any other time; but they like to take a bit of bread and a little coffee on first rising. Each person must learn for himself what method is wisest to pursue, and adopt that if possible. But *somebody* must work before breakfast, else how is the breakfast to be prepared?

King Alfonso has received over 2000 begging letters, soliciting him to make "thank-offerings," and to bestow "decorations on those who never deserted him in his exile."

The work of erecting a monument in Glasgow to the memory of Dr. Livingstone will be at once commenced. Nearly all the money desired—$8500—has been secured, although single subscriptions were limited to $25.

Miss Alice Vickery (says the London *Medical Record*), the first and only registered lady pharmaceutist in Enland, has just passed honorably, in company with Mrs. Algernon Kingsford, the first year's examination of the School of Medicine of the University of Paris.

The Influence of Music on Health and Disease is the title of a curious little volume by a French physician. Some remarkable theories are advanced; but the pith of the book is the practical application which suggests musical cures for diseases—some by the fiddle, some by the flute, some by the piano, while others require a whole orchestra. A critic remarks: "The only difficulty about the little volume is lest a large proportion of young people will soon be falling sick, that Thomas's orchestra may be hired by indulgent parents to come and play them well."

About 240,000 women are engaged in the production of lace in the departments of Calvados and Auvergne, France. It is made from flax, silk, and gold and silver wire; but that made from flax is most valuable.

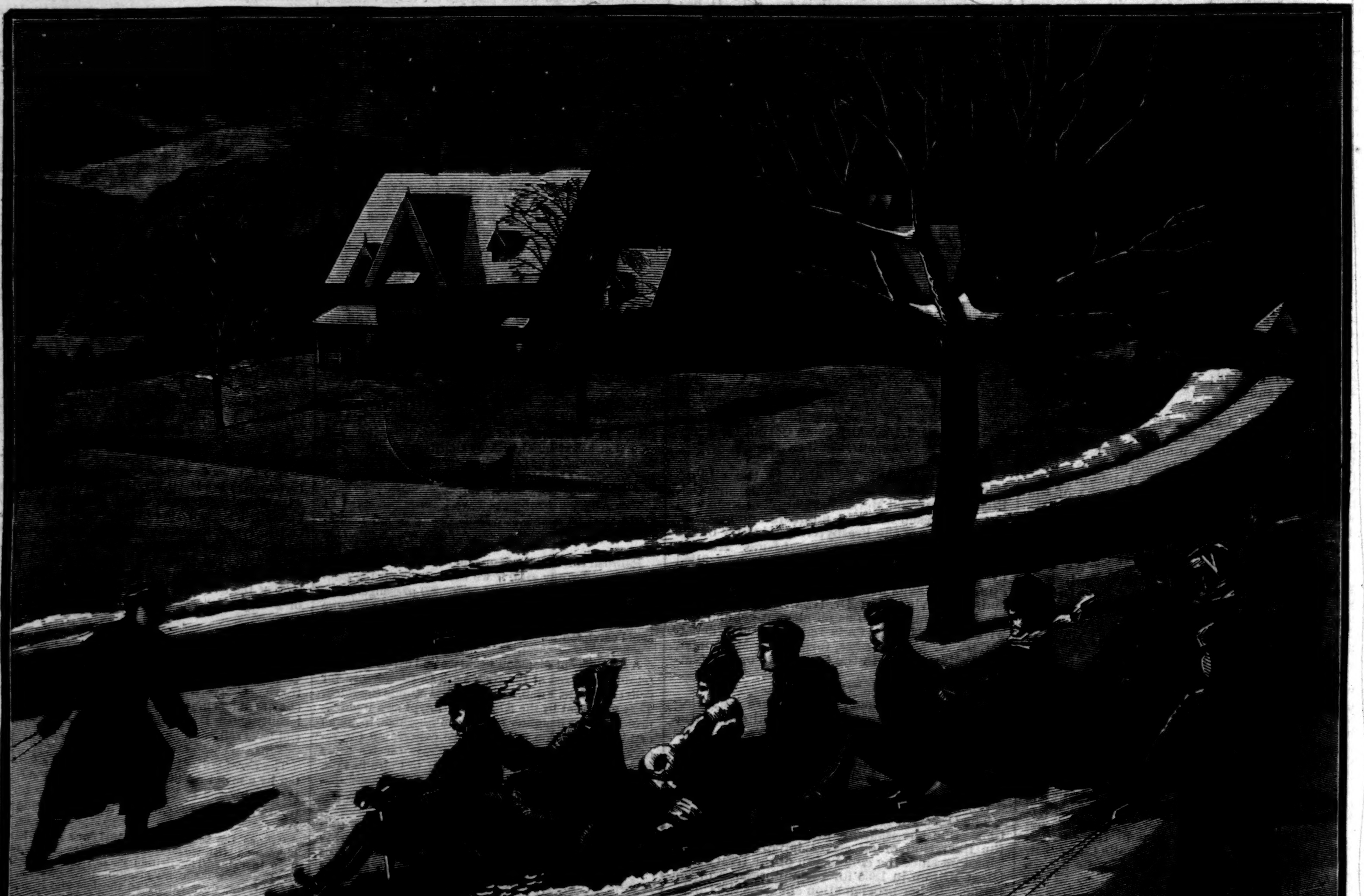
Two curious flowers are described by the *Horticulturist.* One is a black lily, of Santa Clara, California, with three large blossoms, each nine inches long, and perfectly black outside of the green petals. The other, a native of Constantinople, presents a perfect humming-bird. The breast, of a bright emerald-green, and the throat, head, beak, and eyes, are a perfect imitation of those parts in the humming-bird. The hinder part of the body and the two outstretched wings are of a bright rose-color, one might almost say flesh-color.

It is said that the Concord grape is remarkably well adapted for cultivation in New England. It is hardy, and ripens sufficiently early to escape the autumn frosts. Grapes will not flourish in a New England climate unless much care is taken in the selection of a locality where they will be protected from cold winds and have full advantage of the sun.

The *Evening Post* gives an extract from a letter written by a merchant of New York city on February 21, 1817, to his son in Europe. We clip some sentences from it, showing the extent of the ice-blockade of that year:

"Since the 28th January, 1817, our river has been blockaded with ice so that attempts to get to sea have been in vain. The British packet and several other small vessels made an attempt three weeks ago to get out, but were caught in the ice, and it was some days before they could get back again. For several days the people crossed on the ice from Brooklyn to New York, and from New York to Hoboken, and the Sound has been completely fast between the islands above Hurlgate, so that they have been riding in sleighs from one to the others and all around these parts. There are now ready for sea fifty or sixty sail, among which are the *Protection* and *Marcus Hill.* We are without accounts from England and Ireland for ninety days. There are thirty or forty sail approaching the Hook."

THE SKATING SEASON: "UN COUP D'ŒIL EN PASSANT."



MOONLIGHT COASTING.—[Drawn by George S. Burnap.]

GARIBALDI AT ROME—TIME WORKS WONDERS.

GARIBALDI AT ROME.

SCARCELY could GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI have foreseen when he fled from the French bayonets in 1849 amidst the wreck of the Roman republic, or when in 1867 the Chassepôts "did wonders" at Mentana, that in 1875 he should revisit the Eternal City, welcomed by the glad acclamations of the people, to survey the ruin of the temporal power of the Pope. Yet his bold and sanguine spirit, nurtured in a lifetime of enterprise and military action, seems well fitted to pierce into the future, and never doubted of success. He was born at Nice, Italy, 1807. A sailor, the son of a sailor, his youth was passed in adventures upon the sea, in serving under the Bey of Tunis, and in warlike deeds upon the coasts of South America. At the head of an Italian legion he had won honors and renown in the contests of its rival states. His integrity had been proved equal to his courage. He was known to possess the rare virtue of disinterestedness. And when in 1848 MAZZINI had proclaimed a republic at Rome, and PIUS IX. had fled from the Vatican, no longer the friend of Italian progress, GARIBALDI devoted himself, amidst the roar of the French artillery and the destruction of its ancient monuments, to the cause of Italian unity and the liberation of the Eternal City. He planted the standard of freedom on the Capitol, and for a brief moment the Roman Republic was revived by a new but purer RIENZI. It fell before the French arms; the Pope was restored to all his mediæval power; the prisons of Rome were crowded with the victims of his tyranny; and GARIBALDI, hidden on the desolate island of Caprera, meditated incessantly the restoration of Roman freedom.

At length, in 1860, his vision seemed near its fulfillment, and when the hated Austrians were driven from Italy by the French and Sardinians, GARIBALDI, at the head of his Alpine chasseurs, a motley but faithful band of 17,000 men, began a career of conquest that was destined to end in lasting results. He invaded Sicily, and the BOURBON rule melted away forever, and GARIBALDI gave the liberated island, for which Rome and Greece and Carthage struggled of old, to the Sardinian king. But still more memorable was his invasion of Italy. Many a conqueror had pressed into the unhappy peninsula, avid of plunder, remorseless, and terrible, but none had come like GARIBALDI, unselfish, generous, and gentle as a child. He moved upward over the classic path where PYRRHUS had led his Molossians, or the fierce Numidian cavalry of HANNIBAL had chased the timid Roman horse; where ALARIC and ATTILA had scourged the perishing nation; where civilization had almost been born, and died; where CHARLES VIII. had torn again the heart of Italy, and French and Germans had struggled for the mastery incessantly; where the first NAPOLEON had plundered the hapless cities, and the last probably hoped to fix at length his imperial sway. But to none of these has GARIBALDI any resemblance, and of all the conquerors of Italy, he was the only one by whom its people desired to be overcome. Nor is it without a pleasing historical interest that we trace his march along the track of HANNIBAL, and learn that he landed at Rhegium (Rizzio), occupied Naples, that Capua opened its gates to him, but that he was forced to turn aside, like the Carthaginian, from the walls of Rome. Here the Pope ruled once more, guarded by the bayonets of France, and GARIBALDI, after giving all Southern Italy besides to VICTOR EMANUEL, still brooding over his disappointment, unsatisfied while Rome was still an alien city in the heart of his beloved country, returned once more, poor, neglected, but uncomplaining, to his farm at Caprera.

Too pure and disinterested to find any favor with the common herd of politicians, he lived in poverty and honor, not altogether forgotten, for many eminent and noble tourists came to visit him in his Roman simplicity, and to show their regard for a hero who seemed to revive the memories of classic virtue. Here the eccentric DUMAS saw and celebrated him, and Europe watched with interest the retreat of the new FABRICIUS. His farm, his simple habits, and his quiet home were described by travelers and painted in careful sketches; his example, it may be hoped, has not been without its beneficial influence. He made a short visit to England (1864), where he was received with applause by immense throngs of the people, and with some distrust by its aristocracy, but whence the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland carried him back in their yacht to his distant island.

Yet the spectacle of Rome oppressed by an ecclesiastical tyranny, bound up in the destinies of the French Empire, gave him no rest, and the transfer of his native Nice to France was a lasting grief to the Italian patriot. He planned at length an invasion of the Papal States, was seized and imprisoned at Caprera, guarded by an Italian man-of-war; but he escaped, and at the head of a faithful band of followers broke into the pontifical territory (1867), defeated the papal troops, and but for the interference of NAPOLEON would have succeeded in his daring scheme, and set Rome free. The people awaited his coming with joy. A throng of Roman exiles followed his standard. They were shot down

mercilessly at Mentana with French Chassepôts by French legions, at the command of the Pope, and a Christian bishop, to maintain his temporal power, forgot the first elements of his faith. GARIBALDI was once more imprisoned, once more set free, and again waited at Caprera for the fall of Rome.

This desolate and almost uninhabited island is about five miles in length, and not unfitted for cultivation. The climate is soft, the skies forever fair, the views magnificent. But when GARIBALDI landed upon it in 1855 to take possession of his extensive farm he was almost its only tenant. He slept at first under the sail of his boat. Next he built a hut of logs, and afterward raised a convenient house one story high, in which he lived with his son MENOTTI, his daughter, and a servant. A few shepherds occupied the rest of the island, living in natural caves among the rocks. GARIBALDI fenced his farm around with a rough stone wall. Within its circuit he had planted cypress and chestnut trees, figs, a garden of vegetables, vines, and even the sugar-cane. Every thing flourished under the magnificent sky, and pools of water fed by natural springs brought fertility to his plantation. Always fond of the sea, his favorite amusement was, and probably is, to sail over the fairest of waves in his fine boat and penetrate all the rocky caves of the neighboring shores, and one of the most striking objects of this lonely yet beautiful scene is said to be the manly and vigorous form of the conqueror of Sicily as he stands in the prow of his vessel and welcomes the visitor to his solitary home. From his safe retreat GARIBALDI watched the recent changes in Europe, saw the French Empire dash itself madly against a united foe, and the Pope fiercely revive the pretensions of the Middle Ages and offend the common sentiment of Christendom. The usurping bishop and the modern CÆSAR fell together, and GARIBALDI saw at last the Rome of his fancy for the first time in fifteen centuries once more the capital of united Italy; nor did any Italian patriot doubt but that of the happy consummation of all his hopes the exile of Caprera was in no small degree the author and the cause. Yet once more the old ardor of adventure seized him, and he hastened with his son and many of his early companions to offer his sword, with some imprudence it may naturally be thought, to the defense of fallen France. For had France succeeded even as a republic, it is scarcely to be doubted that the new capital of Italy would have been given back to priests and nuns. But of this GARIBALDI was unconscious; he fought bravely and well in aid of the French republicans; but he possibly soon found that the French leaders had little sympathy with Italian patriots, that Nice and Savoy were to be held in perpetual bondage, and that the ultramontane influence was to rule even in the cabinet of THIERS. He resigned his command of the Army of the Vosges and went back to his island.

The most memorable event in the public career of GARIBALDI is perhaps the latest; and an unrivaled artist, who shared with him the perils and the glory of the Italian campaign, and whose admirable pencil has always seemed touched by the frank honesty and clear sense of his former chief, who has stamped the Garibaldian ideas upon the intellect of two worlds, has painted the disinterested patriot as he stood gazing, amidst applauding multitudes, upon the wrecks of the temporal power. Around him are strewn the shattered fragments of that unnatural fabric which had been reared by the avarice and the ambition of GREGORY and INNOCENT and BONIFACE, of the BORGIAS and the CARAFFAS, struck by the bolt from heaven. The dungeons of the Inquisition and the secret prisons of the cardinals, the hidden recesses of monasteries and convents, Jesuit schools and mysterious brotherhoods, lie open to the light of modern civilization. A more perfect ruin has never fallen upon a time-worn abuse. And as GARIBALDI looked upon his liberated Rome, once the centre of human progress, and so lately the haunt of the last and most pernicious elements of decay, he thought of the past, no doubt, with some natural triumph and no regret. In 1848, with MAZZINI, he had planted the standard of freedom on the Capitol; in 1860 he had dreamed again of the liberation of Rome; in 1866 he might have accomplished it; in 1867 he was beaten back by French rifles from its walls; in 1875 he stood amidst his grateful people the prophet if not the author of their liberation, and conscious that they knew that neither avarice nor envy nor any ignoble motive had guided his career; that CATO was not more honest, FABRICIUS more frugal and incorruptible.

It had long been known that GARIBALDI was laboring under severe pecuniary troubles, had been embarrassed by the misfortunes of others, and that even his island home was no longer safe. But it is also known that he might readily have received assistance from the Italian government had he consented to it, and that his friends had often pressed upon him their gifts, and were refused. He has published several works that have given him some profit. His farm might have satisfied his own few wants, but he has others who have depended upon him. When it was known that his embarrassments were become more severe, the Italian Parliament recently, by an almost unanimous vote, settled upon him a pension of $20,000 a year. The gift was ratified by the voice of the whole Liberal party of Italy, its court and king; it was applauded by every one except GARIBALDI as the appropriate reward of a grateful country to its deliverer. To him, however, it has proved an intolerable burden. He has never been in perfect sympathy with the present rulers of Italy; he could not consent to become their pensioner. How his austere integrity threw off the golden chains he imagined were designed for him may be seen in the following letter to his son:

"My dearest MENOTTI," he says, "you will see MANCINI in my name, and will thank him warmly for the proofs of a precious friendship which he has given me. You will say to him that the hundred thousand francs weighing on my shoulders like the shirt of Nessus, I have charged RIBOLI to publish my last letter declining to accept them. Delaying this act, I should have lost my sleep, I should have felt my wrists cold with fetters, my hands hot with blood, and every time that the news reached me of the depredations of the government and of public distresses, I should have hid my face for shame. To our friends and to the Parliament in general my immense gratitude. But let the present government, whose mission it is to impoverish the country in order to corrupt it, seek its accomplices somewhere else." Such nice integrity JUVENAL would have applauded and TACITUS delighted to record; nor can it be said that to new Italy is wanting an example of Roman virtue.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE valentines most in vogue when our great-grandmothers were young ladies were very different from the bewildering combinations of lace paper, artificial flowers, ribbon, and perfumed *sachets* to which modern swains have become so partial, and the manufacture of which is rapidly assuming the proportions of a national industry. The old English custom of drawing valentines had fallen into disuse, and was succeeded by poetical missives, generally of an anonymous character. Sometimes the verses were accompanied by presents of jewelry, or other articles likely to prove acceptable to the fair recipients. Rings containing precious stones, the initials of which corresponded with the initials of the ladies for whom they were intended, were in much favor, a circumstance which led not a few fashionable women to assume Christian names commencing with the fourth letter of the alphabet, in the expectation of receiving rings and other personal ornaments enriched with diamonds. Sophia was a name then more common than at the present day, and the demand for real or imitation sapphires was proportionately large. In a private letter dated 1746 the writer, describing to a friend the results of a visit to London, mentions a beautiful lady whom he met at the play, and whose name he believes to be "Sophy," because she wore a sapphire ring; and he adds that he wishes it was the month of February, as it would furnish him with an excuse for making her a present of a similar jewel. Sometimes the rings were so contrived that, on a spring being touched, the setting containing the precious stone would fly back, revealing the name of the sender, exquisitely engraved in the recess thus exposed to view. The comparatively large size of the rings worn in those days afforded numerous facilities for ingenious devices of this description. Brooches, lockets, and other ornaments were also made in like fashion, and inclosed with poetical missives as valentines. Within the last two or three years there has been observable a tendency to revert to the use of what may be termed *utile dolci*, or practical valentines, love-ties, neck-bows, hair-pins, brooches, *châtelaines*, crosses, ear-rings, lockets, smelling-bottles, fans, and similar articles frequently forming portions of the more expensive love presents.

But what the modern valentine has gained in tasteful appearance it has lost in poetical feeling. With our grandfathers a valentine was worthless unless it contained a few lines of verse written by the sender. They never dreamed of valentines so delicately fashioned that the slightest touch would destroy their beauty, and which could not be taken out of their cases without disarranging the mass of artificial flowers and paper ornaments of which they were made. They were content with sheets of thick, gilt-edged letter-paper—envelopes were unknown in those days—occasionally ornamented with a gilt Cupid, cut from a sheet of gilt paper on which it had been embossed, and carefully pasted on to the valentine. In fact, the valentines were generally the handiwork of the senders, who thus acquired a wide field for the display of their respective idiosyncrasies, and could a sufficiently large collection of these valentines be formed, it would make a curious and interesting volume.

Unfortunately the high price now given for waste paper is causing thousands upon thousands of these old letters to find their way to the paper mill, a result which may be gratifying to the disciples of the Dismal Science, as Thomas Carlyle somewhat cruelly designates political economy, but which must be regarded as a loss by those fond of studying the habits and customs of the past. A batch of valentines, ranging from the years 1741 to 1765, not very long ago found its way into the bin of a London waste-paper dealer, who at first thought of offering his prize to the British Museum authorities, but subsequently decided upon not incurring the risk of a refusal. Some of these valentines, which seemed to have formed part of a collection formed by some individual curious in such matters, contained quotations from Christopher Marlowe, Andrew Marvell, and other favorite writers, but most were original compositions written in the affected style then prevalent.

One of these letters is signed Theophilus, a name found attached to three or four other valentines containing quotations from Spenser, Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson. Then we have a missive from Philander, containing the following lines to Betty, a name then in high favor among the "upper ten:"

"My Betty's charms I would but can not paint;
They make thought feeble and description faint:
Would I my lovely Betty's charms define,
I need a pencil and a pen divine."

Philander must have been an adept in the art of flattery, for in another missive, in the same handwriting and bearing the same signature, we read:

"In Sally's praise let me with fervor sing,
Though in my soul her charms have placed their sting;
For her I die, yet dying seek to prove
How great her worth, how sad and true my love."

There are others of a similar character, mostly imitations of Pope, one or two being extremely vulgar and coarse in expression, and more calculated to offend than propitiate the fair recipients. Many of the ladies are fancifully addressed as Chloe, Flavia, Miranda, Delia, Dorothy, Orinthia, Myra, Lucinda, and so forth, the names in several instances evidently being real.

If there is little real poetry in these valentines, there is still less to offend. Compared with the sensual character of much of the poetical literature then fashionable, the style adopted by these valentine writers appears pure and even refined. Certainly we have seen worse sentiments, if not worse lines, in not a few of the so-called higher-class valentines of the present day, but it is curious that nearly all the valentines seem to have emanated from the sterner sex. There is only one from a lady, and this, which is signed Cynthia, consists merely of four lines, as follows:

"Ah me! might I to Damon's self reveal
The tender love that I for him do feel,
Would he his vows to proud Belinda break?
Would he Miranda's artful wiles forsake?"

We close with a modern valentine, suggested by the illustration on page 153:

When chilly days are lengthening,
And snow is on the ground,
And winter's cold is strengthening,
A holiday comes round—
The day when men and maidens
All other cares resign,
To keep the merry festival
Of good St. Valentine.

Each youth shall choose a maiden,
Each maiden choose a man—
Far back among the ages
The custom first began;
And thoughts of happy lovers
Around the day entwine,
When from among all others
They choose a valentine.

Their eyes are bright with laughter,
Their hearts with love are light,
And then with merry fancies
What glowing lines they write!
The lover's fond devotion
Will breathe in every line,
Entreating some fair maiden
To be his valentine.

And some with mirth and mischief
Will seize upon the time,
And launch their merry missives
With many a caustic rhyme;
But Cupid rules the postman,
And with his power divine
He loads the poor man's shoulders
With many a valentine.

And waiting at the window
Each laughing maid is found,
There watching for the postman
To make his morning round;
Her little heart is throbbing,
The bright eyes softly shine:
"Now who," exclaims the maiden,
"Will be my valentine?"

And then she grasps her letter,
And, smiling, peeps within:
"Now who has sent the missive,
And who my love will win?"
But he that pleads so fondly
His name he will not sign;
Yet some one asks the maiden
To be his valentine.

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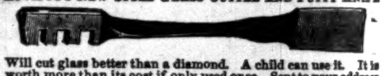
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1	" " "		25,000
1	" " "		15,000
1	" " "		10,000
1	" " "		5,000
1	" " "		2,500
1	" " "		1,500
10	" " "	$500 each	5,000
20	" " "	250 "	5,000
30	" " "	150 "	4,500
50	" " "	100 "	5,000
100	" " "	50 "	5,000
100	" " "	25 "	2,500
200	" " "	20 "	4,000
500	" " "	10 "	5,000
1,000	" " "	5 "	5,000
1,500	" " "	2½ "	3,750
46,250	" " "	1 "	46,250
49,767	Grand Cash Gifts, amounting to		$200,000
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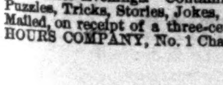

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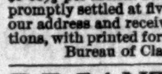

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OF THE
NEW YORK
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
OFFICE:
346 AND 348 BROADWAY,
JANUARY 1, 1875.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1874,		$24,420,879 32
INCOME.		
Premiums and Annuities,	$6,414,454 77	
Int. received and accrued,	1,645,106 34	$8,059,561 11
		$32,490,440 43
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Losses by Death	$1,469,686 04	
Dividends, Purchased Reversions, and Returned Premiums on Cancelled Policies	3,026,605 19	
Life Annuities, Matured Endowments, and Reinsurances	105,501 56	
Commissions, Brokerages, and Agency Expenses	361,336 77	
Advertising and Physicians' Fees	79,457 85	
Taxes, Office, and Law Expenses, Salaries, Printing, &c.	302,076 08	
		5,344,662 92
		$27,145,777 51
ASSETS.		
Cash in Trust Co., in bank and on hand	$1,751,133 78	
Invested in United States, New York city, and other stocks (market value, $5,173,026 50)	4,970,136 93	
Real Estate	1,768,174 14	
Bonds and Mortgages (secured by real estate valued at more than double the amount loaned, buildings thereon insured for $15,198,251, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security)	16,828,955 14	
Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amount to $3,918,537 57)	910,049 14	
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1875	511,192 47	
Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies $570,000, included in liabilities)	189,623 78	
Amounts due from Agents	29,109 30	
Interest accrued to Jan. 1, 1875	187,402 83	
		$27,145,777 51
ADD.		
Excess of market value of securities over cost		202,889 57
CASH ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1875		$27,348,667 08
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:		
Adjusted losses, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1875	$196,792 16	
Reported losses awaiting proof, &c.	174,163 74	
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies, participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle net premium	24,640,038 29	
Dividends outstanding	152,948 84	
		25,163,943 03
Divisible surplus		$2,184,724 05

From the undivided surplus of $2,184,724 05, the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend, available on settlement of next annual premium, to participating policies, proportionate to their contribution to surplus.

The cash value of such reversion may be used in settlement of premium if the policy holder so elect.

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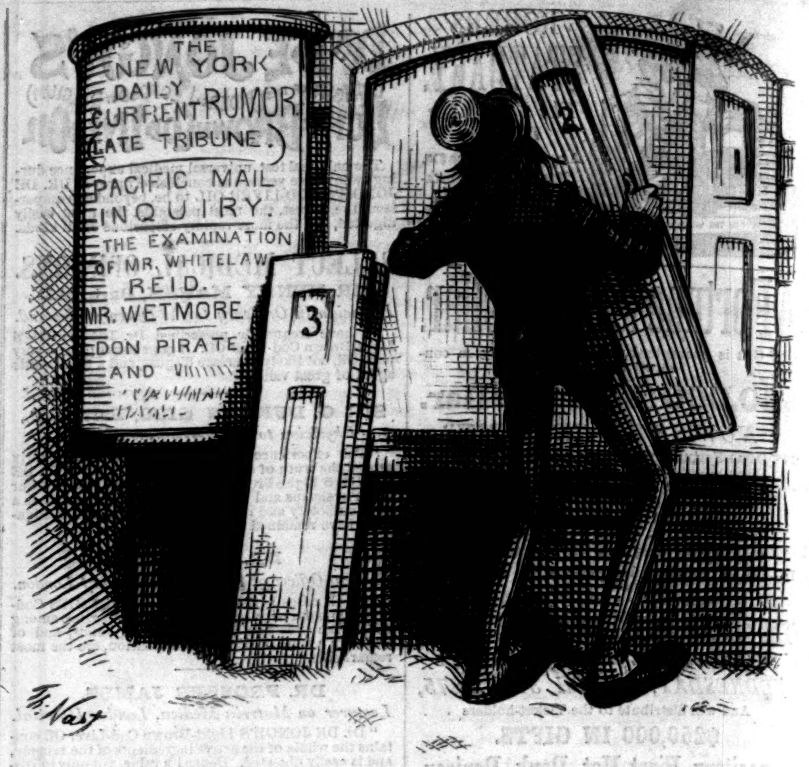

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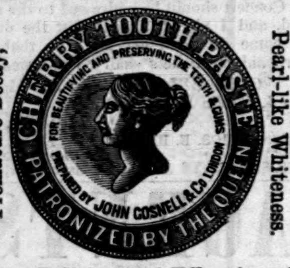

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This is certainly the most absorbing of all books of African travel. It is not inferior to any in its revelations of hitherto unknown regions, in its interesting details concerning new natural phenomena, and new races of men. * * * For, after all, the grand interest of the book lies in its revelation of a *Man.* * * * Men and women meanwhile will turn through all time for spiritual sustenance to such grand rugged human lives and deaths as those of the strong, noble, erring man, David Livingstone.—*Examiner*, London.

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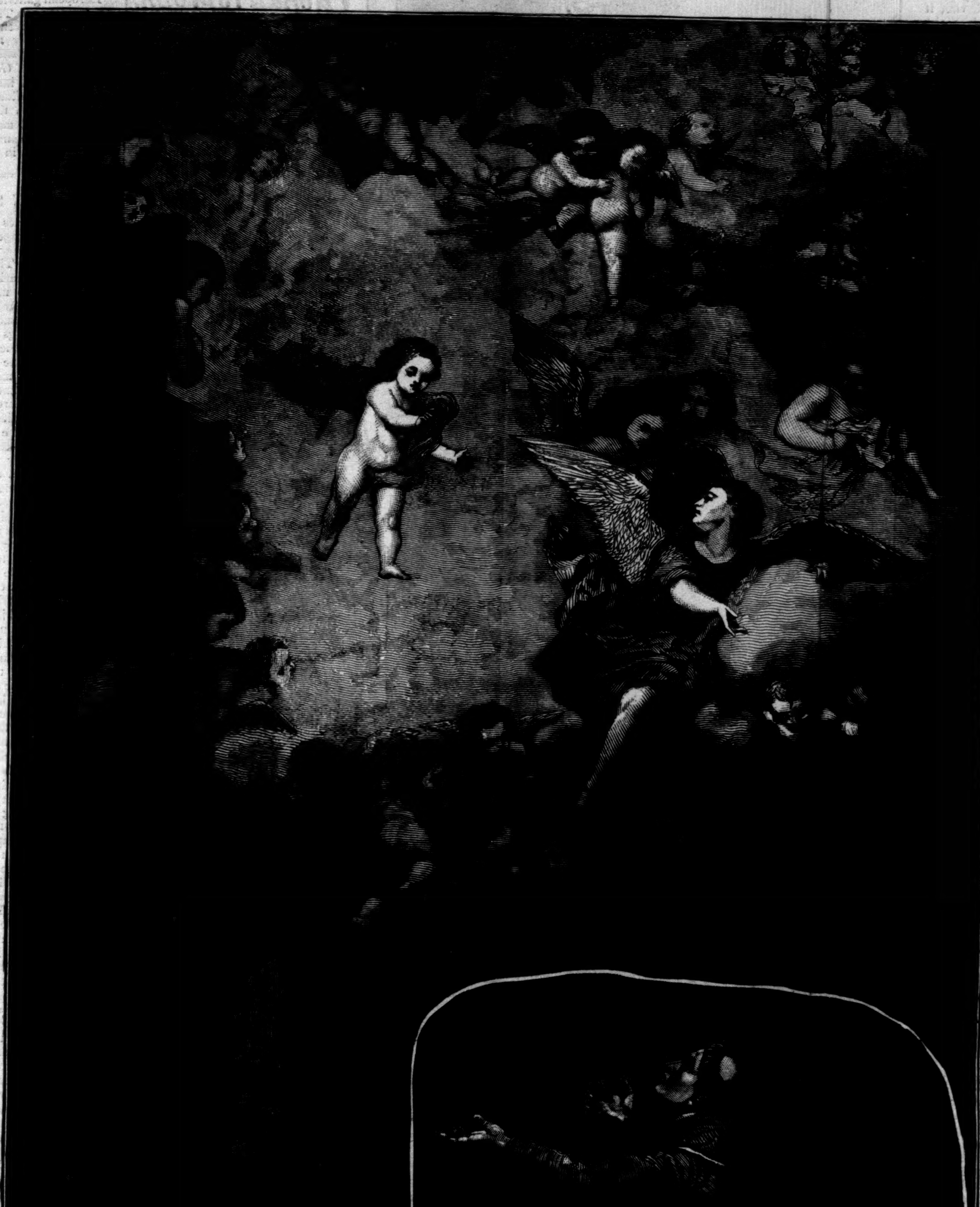


THE MUTILATED MURILLO, CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, SPAIN.

THE MUTILATED MURILLO.

We herewith present our readers with a fine engraving of MURILLO's celebrated picture, the mutilation of which caused such a stir in Europe and this country. The white line shows the portion which was cut out, and which has been restored through the instrumentality of MR. SCHAUS, the well-known picture-dealer of this city. The circumstances of the mutilation of this superb painting are given in the following letter, dated at Seville, Spain, November 6, 1874:

"This art-loving and pleasure-seeking city was convulsed to its centre yesterday by the announcement of the discovery that the celebrated 'San Antonio' of MURILLO, hanging in the Baptistry Chapel of the Cathedral, had been barbarously mutilated by the cutting out and removal of the figure of the saint during the preceding forty-eight hours, in which period the curtain usually covering it had not been withdrawn, so far as is known. This is the picture for which the late Duke of Wellington is said to have offered as many 'onzas' as would be required to cover it, if the chapter would sell it to him, and which is here considered to be MURILLO's finest work......Toward the middle of the foreground, SAN ANTONIO, in a monk's habit, is seen in the act of kneeling, with face uplifted and arms extended toward the infant Saviour, who, surrounded by cherubim, is descending through a celestially irradiated atmosphere. The expression of faith and earnest longing in the face of the saint, and that of pity and assurance of protection in that of the Saviour, are admirable; and the picture was one of the chief glories of those remaining in this temple.

"This is the third robbery at the cathedral within a comparatively recent period: the first was of a crucifix, subsequently regained; and the second, of the crown and pectoral cross of the image of the 'Virgen de los Reyes,' jewelry and silversmith's work of the thirteenth century, of which nothing has been heard since. How these robberies have occurred is unexplained, if not inexplicable: after the second, the previously existing night-watch in the building was reinforced

by two mastiffs. Extravagant rumors are rife; but a very pertinent question is asked, viz., if these occurrences take place with objects exposed to the daily view, what assurance is there of the security of the more portable articles of precious metals and stones with which the sacristries of the cathedral abound (notwithstanding the spoliations which have taken place), and which are only brought out at distant intervals? There are triumphs here of metal-work not less admirable of their class than is the picture the injury of which all Spain is now deploring, and it behooves art lovers in all countries to bestir themselves, as they can, that these too may not be 'missing' when this unhappy country emerges from the chaos in which it is at present enveloped."

The stolen fragment of MURILLO's great picture was eventually brought to this country, the despoilers apparently being afraid to attempt the sale of it in Europe. Fortunately it was offered to Mr. WILLIAM SCHAUS, by whom it was at once recognized. The fragment, which, as may be seen by the white line in our engraving, comprised less than a fourth part of the canvas, had not been cut into strips, as was at first reported; a rough jag on one side, made by a slip of the knife, had been repaired, and the canvas, forming a rough oval about seven feet high, had been tacked to a new square American-made stretcher. It had previously been very badly handled, the eye and nose, as seen in the profile, having almost entirely peeled off; the canvas had obviously been packed for concealment without much care for its profitable preservation. The person who offered it for sale called himself FERNANDO GARCIA, and represented the painting as a treasure which had long been owned in his family. He offered to sell it for almost any price, and when pressed to name a figure, suggested only $250 or $300; for the former sum it was secured by Mr. SCHAUS, who passed it to the Spanish consul, Señor DE URIATE, within twenty-four hours for the mere reimbursement of his outlay, though the rewards offered by the political and ecclesiastical authorities amount to many thousand dollars. The consul, having been duly notified, and having compared the fragment with the photograph of the original, which had been furnished to all Spanish consuls, procured the arrest of the seller at the time of his completing the bargain with Mr. SCHAUS. He protested his innocence, and in order to clear himself of the charge of complicity in the outrage, professed his willingness to go back to Spain, whither he was sent with the recovered treasure, by way of Havana. On his arrival in that city, the telegraph informs us, he was set at liberty by the authorities.

A FROZEN FISH MARKET, ST. PETERSBURG.

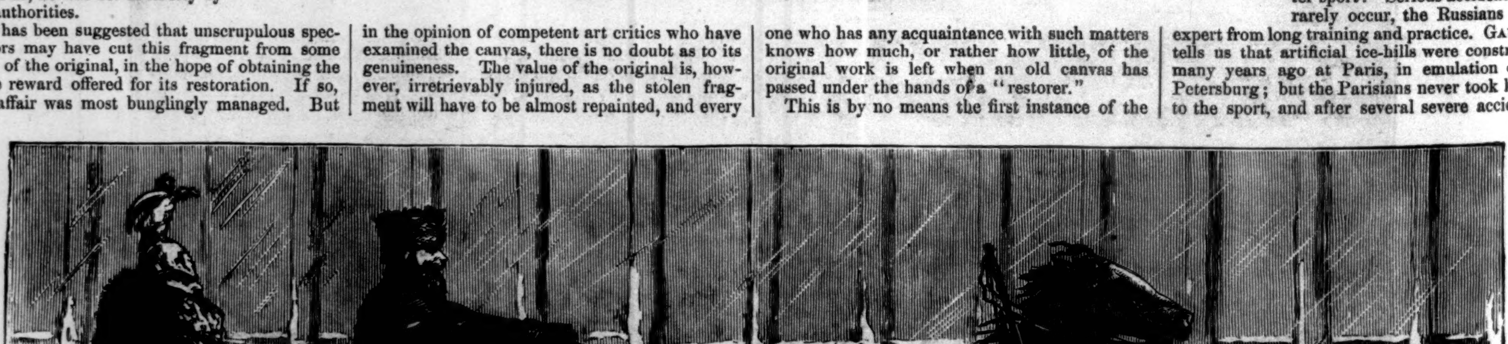
It has been suggested that unscrupulous speculators may have cut this fragment from some copy of the original, in the hope of obtaining the large reward offered for its restoration. If so, the affair was most bunglingly managed. But in the opinion of competent art critics who have examined the canvas, there is no doubt as to its genuineness. The value of the original is, however, irretrievably injured, as the stolen fragment will have to be almost repainted, and every one who has any acquaintance with such matters knows how much, or rather how little, of the original work is left when an old canvas has passed under the hands of a "restorer."

This is by no means the first instance of the sale in this country of works of art which had been stolen from European galleries, generally from private ones. The beautiful story published recently in *Harper's Weekly* under the title of *The Bamber Fortune*, by the author of *A Sack of Gold*, was founded on an actual incident—the theft of two very valuable though small pictures from the gallery of an English nobleman, and their recovery in a manner nearly similar to that given in the story.

RUSSIAN SKETCHES.

OUR pictures on this and the succeeding page illustrate some phases of winter life in the capital of Russia. The first shows a frozen fish market, an inimitable sight. There may be seen fish of all kinds stacked in piles covered slightly with snow. Above them generally hangs the sacred picture of "Le bon Dieu," or some saint. This forms the background. In mid-distance may be seen barrels of caviare, some exposed and cut in black squares. In front are the scales, with antique-looking weights. The fish-mongers in reckoning up the price of a large sale generally make use of the counters of a *tchoetki*, or ready reckoner. One is almost always sure to see a troop of meek-looking nuns come quietly up, and with extended trays watch, but without asking, for any odd small change that may fall to their share from the charitable purchaser. This incident is, of course, not confined to the fish-market.

Our second illustration requires no explanation. The celebrated artificial ice-hills of St. Petersburg, shown in the third sketch, were referred to last week in our account of the coasting on Boston Common. They are constructed solidly of plank, with a raised guard of boards and snow on each side, to prevent accidents by running off the slide; and a picturesque effect is secured by fringes of fir-trees, whose dark foliage is illuminated at night by innumerable sparkling lights. Our illustration will convey a good idea of the general appearance of these ice-hills, and the character of the sports indulged in. THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, in his charming work on Russia, gives a good description of the hills, but was too thorough a Frenchman to enjoy the sport, either as a spectator or a participant. It made him shudder to see a man launch himself head-foremost from the platform on the rude sled used by the Russians, and fly with lightning speed down the steep icy incline. It looked like throwing one's life away. Sometimes eccentric people will discard the sled, and, like the two figures in our picture, slide down on any thing that comes first to hand, be it shovel or broom. If they come to grief, all the better sport! Serious accidents very rarely occur, the Russians being expert from long training and practice. GAUTIER tells us that artificial ice-hills were constructed many years ago at Paris, in emulation of St. Petersburg; but the Parisians never took kindly to the sport, and after several severe accidents,



SLEIGHING IN ST. PETERSBURG.

ADVENTURES ON THE ICE-HILLS, ST. PETERSBURG.

the hills were taken down. The experiment was a total failure, and it has never been repeated. It is doubtful, indeed, if the artificial ice-hills could ever become a popular institution in countries where the winter is less long and severe than it is in Russia.

OTTER AND HOUND.

On the following page our readers will find a sketch of the tragic ending of an exciting otter hunt, the victim being a favorite hound named "Raglan." We give the narrative in the words of an eye-witness:

"At four o'clock on the morning of the 13th of last June the shrill call of the horn roused me from a sound sleep, and the answering cry of the expectant hounds, loud enough, so it seemed to me, to startle a dead sportsman in his grave, made me spring from my bed broad awake.

"As we took the drag up the river Crake to the foot of Coniston Lake, the hounds took to the water, but were soon at fault. The game had been gone too long; and as it might have swum to a great distance up the lake, we crossed over the hills to what is called Rushland Pool, a deep, sluggish stream flowing into Morecamb Bay and joining the river Leven about three miles below Lake Windermere. Here it soon became evident that the 'varmint' was not far off, as the hounds became animated, and, rushing into a wood, found my 'gentleman' taking a quiet siesta on the sunny side of a large rock. The pack, consisting of three old and five young hounds and two terriers, at once 'went for' him. Startled from his dreams by the warning cry, he made for his 'hold,' but found the door securely closed against him. His next resort was the water, into which he took a header, followed by the pack.

"The hunt was now fairly open. The otter made a gallant fight for life, and dragged his enemies one after another to the bottom, where they received a very severe handling. The water was remarkably clear, and his movements could be distinctly observed. He would watch his opportunity to come to the surface to breathe, and at the same time attack the hounds from beneath and drag them under water. After some severe fighting of this character, the otter managed to make good his retreat into a large wooden drain. The entrance was large enough to allow one of the hounds to follow him, and after some severe exchanges the otter was seized by the neck and dragged out. The battle was then resumed in the water with great fierceness on both sides. The combatants swam a distance of about half a mile and back, fighting bravely all the time. At the end of three hours and a half there were signs of distress on both sides, the otter trying to make his escape, and most of his pursuers being pretty well exhausted by the long struggle. 'Raglan,' however, the hound represented in the sketch, who had borne the brunt of the battle, had another struggle with him in the water, and succeeded in get-